REMARKS

ON THE

Engliſh and *Iriſh* NATIONS.

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CHAP. I.

Engliſh mode of criticiſing Roman Catholic Authors, eſpecially when ſubjects of their ſtate.

A *good-natured* Engliſhman ſpeaks:

'WHY did you not conſider that, tho' you may fancy you ſaid nothing, expreſsly injurious to the religion or government of this country, ſtill your work muſt, on many accounts, give general offence to all thoſe not of your own communion, and to many who are? If you were deſirous of ſhewing your reading, or, to put the moſt favorable conſtruction on your intentions, if you were animated with zeal, to convey the inſtructions upon ſeveral uſeful ſubjects, you think the book contains, why not publiſh

it in Italy, Spain or Portugal, or in ſome other Popiſh country, where you might expect more readers and alſo fewer opponents? Your former works, though a good deal read, it is true, are, you know, very unpopular; wherefore then deſire to render yourſelf a-new diſagreeable by your intended performance, which will be infinitely more diſapproved of, than any thing you have written? Do you imagine, that becauſe you will be thought to have a conſiderable portion of your favourite *Warburton*'s (whom, much as you admire him, you will neither ſtile Biſhop nor Doctor) arrogance, haughtineſs, preſumption, love of parodoxes and ſupercilious acrimony, you muſt therefore poſſeſs his very ſingular erudition, his elevated, noble, and ſincere temper, his vaſt powers of argumentation, his more than Shakeſpeareian ſagacity, —to ſay nothing of his, if not over-correct, yet, pleaſing elocution, in which you are viſibly, even in your laboured panegyric on the Popes, not only inferior to him, but even to the moſt petulant and illiterate news-paper eſſayiſt?

eſſayiſt? As the preſs, in every Catholic country (except France, with the Theological Principles of whoſe Univerſities, you have dared to take moſt impudent liberties) was open to you, why not publiſh your work in ſome of them in Latin: for you cannot poſſibly write worſe in that or any other language, than you do in Engliſh? There the bookſellers (the ſubjects you write upon not being unpopular in popiſh ſtates) would not lay you under the neceſſity, of having recourſe to the paltry way of publiſhing by ſubſcription. There your book, rhapſodical as it is, might receive ſome approbation, at leaſt, from a few Churchmen, and ſeveral ——— gloomy crack-brained monks *. There, in fine, you would yourſelf meet, if not with applauſe,

* See *Sterne*, the prurient author of Triſtram Shandy's ſermon on the houſe of feaſting and mourning in the beginning. See alſo *Adam*'s Satires againſt the Jeſuits; *Fall*'s poems; the hiſtory of Popery in two quarto volumes; *Stillingfleet*'s, firſt work againſt Popery, with his ſubſequent defence of it againſt father *Creſſy* and others;—ſee in fine, *Buchannan*, and all the Engliſh controvertiſts in general, whether poets or proſe-writers, for the above—or the like, —or ſtill more ſcurrilous ſlanders of, and foul aſperſions on religious men.

certainly with ſecurity; whereas, if you have any ſenſe ſtill left, you muſt perceive the only recompenſe you are likely to receive here is impriſoment, the pillory, or the gallows, from ſome or all of which puniſhments, nothing but your being thought inſane, or below notice, can well protect you.

'Can you not foreſee, thoſe of your communion in the Engliſh dominions, will give you very little thanks for diſcovering too openly, towards the end of your work, the bloody and exterminating conduct, the practice of which ſo many celebrated Divines and Juriſts of your Religion, whom you either cite yourſelf, or who are quoted for you by the late Jeſuits *Reiffenſtuel*, *Pickler*, and others, recommend, if not towards Pagans and Jews, at leaſt, towards thoſe they call Heretics, i. e. life-forfeiting deſerters? Will not the aforeſaid Engliſh and Iriſh Romaniſts deem you a raſh imprudent brother, if not a fire brand, for proving by ſo many Canons, Papal Bulls, and by (what you are beſt acquainted with) ſo many paſſages from *Aquinas*, *Caſtrenſis*, *Bellarmine*,

Iarmine, *Simancha*, and your other Divines, and by, in ſhort, other irrefragable authorities of your party, a tenet they in proteſtant countries take ſuch great pains to conceal, and which is even flatly, and according to you, ſhamefully denied by many of them,—to wit, —that it is meritorious to put obſtinate heretics to death, (though not by private authority) in ſpite of any immunities, tolerations, or protections, which, at any time, or by what perſons ſoever, were granted them: even though the granters of ſuch originally null and void ſafe-guards, liberty of conſcience or toleration, had been lawful Sovereigns, under the denomination of Princes, Kings, or Emperors, in the States, where they preſumed to make the already mentioned and ſuppoſed grants, or conceſſions:—that the right to dominion is forfeited, ſo ſoon as Rulers depart from the obedience they owe to Rome; and that Catholics are not juſtifiable, in continuing peaceably ſubject to ſuch uſurpers, (as you ſtile them) longer than while they are deſtitute of ſtrength

ſufficient to ſhake off their yoke, and transfer the ſovereignty to orthodox perſons:—and that, in general, no pacts, agreements, or treaties, though ſworn to on the holy Evangeliſts, or moſt holy Sacrament, ſhould be kept with Heretics, Infidels, or indeed even with Catholics, whenever it was morally certain the intereſt of your church would ſuffer in the leaſt, by an adherence to them.

'Are not theſe, good "Mr. Thomas O'Brien Mac Mahon *", very moderate, modeſt, comfortable, and entertaining maxims, you are going to favour us with the publication of, in the large capital of our extenſive dominions: and are we not the more indebted to you for the generous communication of your ſentiments on the above, and ſuch like matters, —as the meaſure does not reſult from an accidental, or ſudden effort of benevolence in you, but is the delivery of a munificent preſent you, with moſt ſilent and invincible

* The Monthly Review has in the above manner, with true Engliſh liberality of behaviour, turned the author's name into ridicule, by affected repetitions of it at full length.

perſeverance,

perſeverance, projected, and with incredible labor and difficulty have been preparing for us, in the midſt of various ſtreights and wants, during ſeveral years?—May our grateful Legiſlature, or Courts of Juſtice, reward this unparalleled liberality and firmneſs of yours, as they merit!

'Does it not follow from *Bellarmin*, and your principles, that were the Pope without Biſhops, Cardinals or Council, by a conſtitution addreſſed to the whole church, or in any other legal manner, to declare Adultery or Murder for example, to be Virtues, all men muſt, under pain of mortal ſin, the conſequence of which is damnation, firmly believe them to be ſo? Do you not, when you are abuſing the French Biſhops who aſſembled at Piſa, Milan, &c. call all the Prelates and Cardinals of your perſuaſion in the world, as ſuppoſed acting contrary to the Pope's will,—headleſs rabble,—mob,—perjured traitors——and by other ſuch gentle and obliging names, for a knowledge of which, you ſay you are altogether indebted to your Engliſh education? Does not your

your warm, ungovernable, vehement, hyperbolical, visionary, and almost frantic temper impel you to make frequent comparisons between God and the Pope,—to apply several texts to the latter, which are universally understood to relate to the former, and to affirm in plain terms, that the Pontiffs cannot be sufficiently adored. I marvel you did not call him God at once after the *Glossator*.—Do you attempt to prove the tenth part of what you advance, especially where Divinity and Morality are concerned, any other way than by authorities? Is not your head so biassed by the perusal of the "wildest"* mystic Divines, as *Taulerus*, *Ruysbrochius*, *Denys* the Carthusian, and the *Areopagite*, together with the most "whimsical"* tropologic expositors, that you scarce ever deign to cite Scripture in the literal sense, but, like *Origen*, *Pope Gregory*, *Maximus*, and *Bernard*, make it say exactly what suits your purpose? For one line you quote from Saint *Augustin*, the most popular of the

* For these epithets see English Theologians, *passim*.

fathers

fathers in this country, why are there ſix from Pope *Gregory*, *Caſſian*, and the obſcure *John Climacus*, which laſt was a man almoſt as "enthuſiaſtic and mad", as yourſelf?

'Will not the taking no notice of you or your book be more mortifying to you, as ſuch treatment would prove to *Rouſſeau*, than abuſing you and it? Who made you a reformer—you, who are only a layman? Is not your arrogant contempt for the opinion of our nation arrived to ſuch an height, as to have determined you never to publiſh a line more, if your perſon and book are not on all hands ridiculed, traduced, and written againſt? And, on the contrary do you not give out, you will never ceaſe writing, provided you and your works are attacked by us from every quarter: for then only, you ſay, you will deem your productions excellent? Is not this paying a high compliment to the public? and does not one who expreſſes himſelf in ſo haughty a manner, deſerve to be conſigned to his former obſcurity, or to a private mad-houſe? Did you ever deign to conſult any one about what you had written?

written? Do you not ſcribble partly for bread? and partly for hopes of exciting the kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, now ſubject to England, to ſhake off what you term her galling yoke, as the American colonies have done? *

'What a violent hurry you are in, to throw away (like Doctor *Armſtrong*, who after the admired poem on health wrote his "muſty lecture on benevolence" &c.) whatever ſmall ſhare of fame you may have acquired by your two former publications? After their appearance in print, you were indeed called a malignant, but, at the ſame time, plauſible and ſhrewd obſerver: but whoever reads your preſent favourite work, cannot fail honouring you with the epithets you ſo well merit, viz. thoſe of a dreaming or delirious old woman.

'Have you not, in order to overcome the natural barrenneſs of your ſtyle, and to gratify your ſeditious nature, and peculiar averſion to the Engliſh government and nation,

* Nearly in this and the following ſtile was the author addreſſed and ſlandered in the news-papers, immediately after the publication of his *Eſſay on the Depravity and Corruption of human Nature.*

employed

employed your leiſure hours inceſſantly in writing anonymous libels? Is not abuſe become ſo habitual to you, that, when tired of villifying other people, you practice it on yourſelf? Did you ever ſpare yourſelf or any one elſe, you either wrote, or ſpoke of? If your face and converſation be modeſt, and humble, are not your heart and pen turbulent, reſentful, and proud? Though by 180 degrees inferior to *Shebbeare* in language, ſtill is it not viſible, that, like him, nothing ſuits you ſo well, as railing and ſarcaſm? Even your diſcourſe in commendation of the Popes, though, contrary to your uſual cuſtom, you beſtowed ſome pains on its diction, is it not after all (to wave ſpeaking of the groſs impropriety of placing it in a note) bombaſtic in ſome places, unnatural in many, and throughout a very indifferent piece of writing, eſpecially when we conſider its author had read every thing, ſacred and profane, antient and modern, ſerious and comic, eloquent and otherwiſe, he could lay hands upon? Yet, with ſo much aſſiſtance, let the compoſition

be

be ſtripped of the perpetual alluſions to ſcripture, which by the way are often no ornaments to it, and thoughts borrowed from ſome celebrated authors, and it will appear as poor a performance, as ever came from the pen of a man of letters, after a month's hard labor.

'Whence does it proceed, that, though your ideas may be often either vigorous, pompous, ſolemn or myſterious, and ſometimes, notwithſtanding their wildneſs, intereſting, by their warmth and gigantic vehemence, perſons who have too much underſtanding not to deſpiſe them in the main, ſtill a ſingle elegant, graceful, well-turned period never yet dropped from your pen? Can poor *Henry* whom, from the two volumes already publiſhed by him, we find ſo admirably well qualified to write an hiſtory of England, after his countryman *Hume*;—nay can any native of Madagaſcar diſcover greater ignorance, at leaſt more practical ignorance, of the proper choice and management of figures, of the judiciouſly varied and muſical meaſure of ſentences, the advantageous arrangement of words, and of whatever

whatever elſe adorns even truth itſelf and contributes to its favourable reception, than you, who, in ſpite of all your frantic flights, never failed availing yourſelf, as much as your ſtiff, ungracious, harſh nature would admit, of every well-written compoſition, your watchful ears had heard of? Were you during eternity to ſtudy *Halicarnaſſeus* and his plagiary *Quintilian*, with *Cicero*, and the moderns, *Strebeus*, *Vives*, and *Talonus*, you would never learn from them to place a ſingle ſyllable of your diſcourſe artfully, and to any purpoſe. Though you contend England not only never produced an Orator, who merited to be put in competition with the eminent ſpeakers of Greece and Rome, or the many good ones that appeared, towards the beginning of this century, in France, but alſo, that none who wrote in Engliſh to this day, is at all worth the name of Orator; yet muſt you allow, many of them write well; and, if they want ſkill in addreſſing the paſſions, that they can at leaſt employ ſome of the weeker figures of Rhetoric very tolerably. Even this laſt merit, trifling

as it is, ſurpaſſes your ability. Metaphors *de votre facon*, almoſt the only figure you dare venture upon, we have ſeen, and were generally much diverted by; — but a ſimile of your manufacture,—were you not too cunning, and to well acquainted with your own principal defects, not to avoid all ſuch attempts, as cautiouſly as ſo many precipices, would afford not only *Kaims*, but much inferior judges, greater ſport than the brighteſt thoughts of that ſort, introduced by *Scriblerus*, or the worſt of *Homer's* many flat ones. Being ſo very bad, or indifferent, a writer, you ſhould not have made ſuch frequent uſe of the vehement ſtile, which requires the niceſt judgement to temper it ſo with calmneſs, that it may not paſs for downright extravagance. This you might have learned from many paſſages in *Cicero's* rhetorical works, and, among the reſt, from the ſhort one, where he obſerves, how eaſy it is to find fault with a nervous expreſſion: *facile eſt acre verbum reprehendere.* The ſmoothneſs and harmony of your phraſe conſidered,

ſidered, what a nice ear for muſic muſt not every one judge you endowed with! how amply furniſhed with ſome of the chief requiſites for a capital poet!—But jeſting apart—if, conſidering you were borne in a temperate climate, and not in Africa, like thoſe crowders of ſynonymous expreſſions *Minucius Felix*, and *Arnobius*; the friend of affected words, *Apuleius*; the obſcure *Tertullian*; the poor writers *Optatus*, *Fulgentius*, *Primacius*, *Martianus Capella*, &c. &c. you are deemed aſtoniſhingly deficient in the above mentioned, and ſeveral of the other moſt ornamental ingredients of good writing, there are none who may choſe to throw away a thought about you or your works, who will not, on the other hand, acknowledge you excellent at exaggeration, amplification, and faſtidious ſarcaſm.—Thus you will eſcape being pronounced utterly incapable of employing to advantage any of the precepts of Rhetoricians.

'Were *Bouhours* and *Monteſquieu* living, and thought it worth while to read your rhapſody,

—what a fertile ſubject of ridicule would your manner of writing often afford them! If,—to ſpeak only of one particular defect, the latter laughs in his Perſian letters at *Maimbourg* for his long phraſes, though none of them exceeds an octavo ſide, what mirth would not ſome of yours cauſe him, which take up near two quarto pages? Then—like your cotemporary, the thick-headed *Harris**,—the enormouſly diſproportioned length of your notes;—your notes upon notes;—your oſtentatious quotations;—your vanity, in diſplaying on every occaſion your real and pretended acquaintance with the obſcureſt writers;—your, in ſhort, every thing that is defective and faulty, which notwithſtanding your ten languages, and the immenſe load of learned lumber your head is burthened with, might for ever afford room to men of taſte, to point out, by your ſtriking example, exceſſes to be avoided in chaſte compoſition.'

* Not the very ingenious and truly greek-learned author of *Hermes*, &c. but a leaden writer of the Lives of Oliver Cromwell, William the Third, &c.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Further inſtances of the perſonal and national ſlanders, with which the polemical tracts of Engliſhmen abound.

'ARE you not by father and mother of a family, infamous for treaſon to the Engliſh government and religion? Did not "dozens," of your Anceſtors end their lives in the field, or by the hands of executioners, for crimes of the above, or perhaps of a more ignominious nature? Are you not yourſelf, though a poor, obſcure, ſolitary "dog," as great a traitor in your heart, as ever lived? Do not your diſaffected principles manifeſt themſelves frequently? Were you not concerned in making fire-balls, and carrying a warming-pan full of coals, to ſet London on fire laſt century? Are you not an *inhoſpitable* Iriſhman*, a Papiſt,

* See Mr. *Twiſs's* Tour through Ireland.—A remarkable circumſtance has attended this writer. He is

piſt, a Jeſuit, a Methodiſt, a Turk, a Jew, a thief, perjurer, robber, and murderer?

'Have you not in your work, talking of high and low Church, written a more inſipid pun than any in *Cicero* or *Shakeſpeare*; and is it not true, as *Dennis* uſed rightly ſay, that no man would make a pun, be it good or bad, who

the ſon of a Dutch trader, and was born in Rotterdam. Now, through a ſtrange caprice, he became deſirous of being thought an Engliſhman. But how was he to act, to have this untruth credited? Why, knowing the propenſity of that people to reviling and calumny, he publiſhed ſome books of Travels through Portugal and Ireland; in which he every where imitates Engliſh ſlander *ſo naturally*, that, were not the place of his birth known by other means, he would have ſucceeded in his prepoſterous ambition. In his deſpicable performances, which deſtitute as he is of the ſmalleſt ſhare of learning, or any reſpectable talent, it was no difficult matter for him to enlarge and multiply, by talking of the *method of peeling potatoes, of lice, of aſſes, of himſelf*, and ſuch like *important* matters, among other attempts at Engliſh imitation, he aſſures us, the Iriſh are *not* hoſpitable. If ſo bold and groundleſs a ſlander as this does not convince moſt of his readers of his being a *true born Engliſhman*, I ſuppoſe his next effort to prove himſelf ſuch will be, by charging the Poles alſo with inhoſpitality, the Spaniards with want of honour and truth, the Italians with incivility and indiſcretion, and the French with unpoliſhed manners.

who would not alſo pick a pocket? Do you not declaim againſt laughter and loquacity, with as much heat, as if you were condemning murder, and yet, in your character of Anti-chriſt, do you not endeavour, though unſucceſsfully, to raiſe the former emotion you ſo railed at, by introducing very prepoſterouſly and ſtupidly, the Lord Mayor, Scotch, &c. in a ſubject ſo very ſolemn and alarming? Do you not ſeem to compliment yourſelf indirectly with a ſort of infalibility, in every thing but ſtyle and method, by never conſulting any of your living brethren,—by never altering or examining any ſentiment you advance,—by your indifference about order,—and your appearing as if perſuaded, your very negligence, digreſſions, and other faults, became you?

"Why then you are welcome back to us from the continent, thou ſuperlatively ſenſeleſs native of the "potatoe" county of Tiperary, in Ireland, Thomas O Brien Mac Mahon. Now ſhall we have "blunders," together with "Jeſuitical

"Jeſuitical evaſions and Monkiſh imbecillity," in greater plenty, than "French Taylors, Cooks, and Hair-dreſſers." O hone! "that we may not (in your own country phraſe) loſe you, but where we ſhall never find you." —"Alas! who would not have thought a ſingle Mac or O, too much for any honeſt place:— and yet here comes a man with both an O and a Mac?" Neighbours, take care of your "pockets and your heireſſes." For, lo! a—

"Thief from the womb, and taught at nurſe
"To ſteal an heireſs or a purſe."*

Mac Mahon by father and O Brien by mother!—*Il doit etre diablement Catholique, et terriblement fripon!*—"Dear Joy," Mr. *Macklin*, the player from your country, who knows a good deal of the world, thought his long name

* With equal *candour* and *good-nature*, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams—

But nature, which denied them [viz. *the Iriſh*] ſenſe,
Has given them legs and impudence,
Which beats all underſtanding.

name of Mac Loughlin unbecoming a rational and decent man,—but you, "Sweet lips," were not content until, designing to terrify the moſt valiant hearts among the trained bands, and frighten away the proteſtant religion, you publiſhed both your obnoxious, barbarous, and "bloody," names. If, according to the report in the news-papers, you be really a "Jeſuit, or Popiſh prieſt," I marvel any biſhop would ordain a perſon of ſo "unchriſtian," or, as *Foot* the Comedian drolly termsit, of ſuch a "Cherokee name."

'Are you not aſhamed at all the juſt reproaches I have caſt at your name, perſon, profeſſion, Country and Religion?—But why expect ſhame or any ſuch generous emotion, from a profligate, beggarly, thieviſh, raſcally vagabond, of a popiſh, ſcoundrel, outcaſt, Jeſuitical, Iriſh hedge-hog, fanatic, and Beelzebub* ?

* See the Monthly Review for January 1775, page 75, &c. The appellation of *Beelzebub*, in that particular, the Author has been honoured with, by the Critical Review

Beelzebub * ? Enjoy then your folly, impudence, and wickedneſs, and continue to practice every artifice, to render this kingdom as odious to Eaſt-Indian, Scotch, and Iriſh ſubjects, and to all Europe in general, as poſſible, by repreſenting us, wherever your writings ſhall reach, as an uncandid, moſt prejudiced,

Review for November 1774, and that for no other apparent reaſon, but becauſe he aſſerted, after Scripture and the Fathers, and in conformity to the profeſſion of faith of almoſt all ſocieties profeſſing Chriſtianity, the reality of mens being born in Original Sin; of their liberty being ſo debilitated thereby, even after the guilt has been pardoned, that, without ſpecial Divine aſſiſtance, they are incapable of performing one action thoroughly acceptable or well-pleaſing in the ſight of God. But my Reviewer will have this to be a doctrine worthy only of a Demon, or of *Beelzebub* himſelf, and in proof of his *propoſition*, he very pleaſantly, and like a *profound Divine*, contends, that when the Apoſtle ſays, he is not ſufficient to think any good thing as of himſelf, this ſhould be underſtood as true *only* of the Apoſtles, to whom Divine Grace was neceſſary for the eſtabliſhment, &c. of the Church, but that other men ſtand in no need of ſuch ſupernatural help, to enable them to live righteouſly. Here is a notable and humble expoſition, and agreeing wonderfully with the texts, where the ſame Apoſtle obſerves, one cannot even pronounce the ſacred name of Jeſus in a reverential manner, without

judiced, groſsly abuſive ſet of ſtern, mutable, oppreſſive, religionleſs, godleſs tyrants: for who will believe what ſuch a contemptible, Romiſh, hireling emiſſary as you ſhall ſay?

'Do, out the Holy Ghoſt's aid, and, with the paſſage in the Letter to the Philippians, where he tells them, it is to the Lord they are indebted, not only for the performance of what is good, but even for the *deſire* to perform it. The aforeſaid expoſition and aſſertion are, in like manner, ſtrikingly conſonant to the ſenſe of the ſame Saint *Paul*, when in his Epiſtle to the Corinthians, in order to check the vanity and ſelf-complacency they indulged, by reaſon of divine favors, which had been conferred on them, he demands what it is they poſſeſs that they did not receive from above? In fine, the Old and New Teſtament every where aſcribes all good and meritorious actions to the inſpiration and co-operation of the Lord's Spirit. It is this, which, according to the canonic books, beſtows the increaſe of righteouſneſs on the ſeed of the Word of God, ſown and watered by Goſpel Miniſters. It is through it that Lydia's heart was opened to attend to Saint *Paul's* preaching, while moſt of his other auditors, in different places, treated his words with indifference or deriſion, cujus (Lydiæ) Dominus aperuit cor intendere his quæ dicebantur a Paulo.—It is the Lord, the prophet Iſaias confeſſes, who operated in us all the good works we performed: Domine dabis pacem nobis: omnia enim opera noſtra operatus es nobis. If the anointed Saul, after the Children of Belial had contemned him, was followed by a part of the army, the ſacred pen-man attributes the obedient and meritorious meaſure, to the Lord's having touched their hearts, abiit cum eo (Saule)

'Do you not, when you converſe with thoſe you audaciouſly ſtile heretics*, behave to them with an humble, ſmiling courteſy, at the very time you are proving in your book, that, in the principles of the Roman Church, it is a meritorious work to maſſacre them, if no other means are left of bringing them back to the fold, from which they

(Saule) pars exercitus, quorum tetigerat Deus corda. Nay, ſo far from our doing Godly deeds by our own ſtrength alone, the Scripture and fathers tell us it will fall ſhort of efficacy, to induce us to utter even virtuous expreſſions. I alluded to Saint *Paul's* text directly to that purpoſe in this very note, which I now cloſe, by obſerving that Saint *Auguſtin*, after citing the inſpired author of the Book of Chronicles, expreſsly contends, that Amaſai the Benjamite could not exclaim, that he adhered to David and his houſe, unleſs the Spirit of God by covering him, to uſe the very ſcripture phraſe, had made his ſoul heave forth the holy ejaculation: Spiritus vero Domini induit Amaſai principem inter triginta et ait, tui ſumus o David, et tecum fili Iſai, Pax, pax tibi, et pax ajutoribus tuis Te enim adjuvat Deus tuus.

* This is a word which Engliſh candor confines to the Church of Rome entirely, though they often puniſhed poor creatures for hereſy themſelves, with faggots and with gibbets.

ſtrayed.

ſtrayed. Thus we ſee, that not in Denmark only, but even here in England, one may ſmile and ſmile, and be a villain. So, Thomas O'Brian Mac Mahon, you want to be a Martyr, and have your name and life added to *Stapleton*'s book of the three Thomaſes; or you aim at being numbered among the nineteen ſo called at their baptiſm, almoſt all of them Japaneſe, whom the Jeſuit *Trigaut* and his continuator relate, to have ſuffered death for the faith in that Empire, the beginning of the laſt Century. Well! God grant you "more ſenſe, and me more money*".

What became of your knowledge of human nature, when you wrote thoſe volumes? If, next to the purpoſe of exciting the ſtates then ſubject to us to rebellion, the principal deſign of writing them was, to convince any people in this country, of your unpopular,

* I confeſs the above vile phraſe to be of late uſed only by the common people.

extravagant, and "superstitious" notions, why did you not foresee they must fail entirely of this last effect? Why not call to mind what you often advance, viz. that people believe only such matters as are pleasing to them? Do not some of your favourite authors talk to this purpose? *Rousseau*, for instance, says (Emil. book 4.) "by disputing we neither gain nor give instruction." *Seneca* observes "Quidquid mente fugimus, ingestum oculis vix videmus." Even *Sterne* owns, that "if a man is not sincerely inclined to reform his faults, 'tis not likely he should be inclined to see them*:" and *Hobbes* insists, "[men] *appeal from custom to reason, and from reason to custom, as it serves their turn*; receding from custom when their interest requires it, and setting themselves against reason, as oft as reason is against them; which is the cause that the doctrine of Right and Wrong is perpetually disputed both by the pen and sword; whereas the doctrine of Lines and

* Sermon xiv, on Self-examination.

Figures

Figures is not ſo, becauſe men care not on that ſubject, what be truth, as a thing that croſſes no man's ambition, profit or luſt. For I doubt not, but if it had been a thing contrary to any man's right of dominion, or to the intereſt of men that have dominion, that the three angles of a triangle, ſhould be equal to two angles of a ſquare, that Doctrine ſhould have been, if not diſputed yet, by burning all books of Geometry, ſuppreſſed, as far as he whom it concerned was able *."

'Has it not been already proved, to the ſatisfaction of every true-born Engliſhman, by Meſſrs. *Dennis*, *Gildon*, *More*, *Curl*, and other reſpectable writers, againſt "that little hump-backed *Ape*, the *batter's* ſon, *Pope*, † who had ſome *knack* at compoſing verſes," was it not, I ſay, fully demonſtrated, that whoever is "a papiſt is CONSEQUENTLY an

* Leviath. part I. chap. ii. p. 50. Lond. 1651.

† See the late Mr. *Pope's* poem intitled the Dunciad, and Mr. *Warburton's* notes thereon.

Atheiſt?" Did not a proteſtant Divine of great *weight*, from your own country, prove nearly the ſame inconteſtable truth againſt *Dryden*, which operated ſo thoroughly to his conviction that he began "to believe in God" and write the Spaniſh Friar; though he had afterwards the misfortune to relapſe into his former "impiety," and publiſh that "Atheiſtical" poem called the Hind and Panther?

'Is it not notorious, that it was through the "machinations" of ſome of your Jeſuitical brethren, who lately arrived here "in ſhoals," from Spain and Portugal, that the dreadful calamity happened a few years ago in Shropſhire, as *Biſhop Burnet* and *Titus Oates's* grandchildren are ready to depoſe upon oath†? Was not your whole Society in league with Lord Bute, Lord Mansfield, and the Miniſtry, "to encourage itchy Scotchmen, bring over wild Iriſh Papiſts to cut well meaning Engliſh Proteſtant throats;" prevent the king from

† See the ſame.

cutting

cutting off his hair, in compliance with the modeſt petition of his ſtaunch friends, the wig-makers; pave the free city of London with Scotch ſtones; and, in a word, "to keep up the high price of proviſions," that they may ſtarve every honeſt South-Briton, whom they cannot corrupt? Did not the Jeſuits frequently extol Lord Mansfield, though "a peſtilent Scot," under pretence of his being a man of extraordinary abilities, firmneſs and integrity, and deſervedly, "as they wickedly inſinuate," commended by moſt of the great Geniuſes who appeared in theſe kingdoms, for the laſt thirty years?

"Though there be no denying your having read a great deal, is it however impoſſible, had you been aſſiſting upwards of a century ago, at "burning the city of London," and afflicting it with a plague, that you could have read all the books through, which you already quoted in your former eſſays? Do you not feel ambition it ſhould be thought the Count

of *Mirandola* is risen in your person? Will immense reading alone for the total want of sense, wit, method elegance, and taste?

'Is it not a vain, as well as a most barbarous, proceeding, to be unnecessarily piling up the names of authors "by scores," and frightening a puny, starved, modern scrap-reader with them? Will not a courteous modern half-reader who peruses your book, finding in it so many uncouth names of Doctors, Canonists and Philologists, he never heard of before, naturally exclaim, with *Pascal*, rustic in the provincial letters, "*Sont ils Chretiens tous ces gens la!*"

'O you "cut throat," rascally, Jesuitical Irish and Scotch son of a whore, did not "Lord Bute" bring you from Italy, "at the Pope and French King's request," that you may set fire to the Manshon-house, and pull down the tavern where the Bill of Rights-men assemble? Sir John Fielding used to be active and vigilant, but there is neither

vigilance

vigilance nor probity in ſuffering a ſorry, "outlandiſh vagabond," like you, to walk the ſtreets, repeat the *Mumpſimus**—exhibit that "ſcarlet Strumpet the idolatrous Maſs," half a dozen times a day,—refuſe to contribute towards "paving the ſtreets, under pretence of Jeremiah's *prævaut illi et non prævam ego*," learn pure and claſſical Latin from the City inſcriptions,——acquire more than Burkiſh oratory, from the choice preſbyterian *models of eloquence* in the two laſt centuries,—make water againſt St. Paul's Cathedral, as you are going to pay your daily adorations to the "popiſh images," of Gog and Magog at Guildhall,—let out "the lions in the Tower, that they may devour the proteſtant religion†,—blow up the river Thames with gun-powder‡," and drown the anti-popiſh citizens of London

* The Engliſh are never better pleaſed than by ſome paltry tale, reflecting on the ſuppoſed ignorance of orthodox and pious prieſts. Of this ſort is the well known ſlanderous ſtory alluded to in the text.

† See *Tom Brown.*

‡ See *Echard's* Hiſtory of England.

with

with as little mercy as if they were ſo many rats;—and, in fine, prepare at your leiſure the torches, which are "to conſume us in our beds."

'Curſe you "numſcull;" ought not a man of your bookiſh knowledge "bluſh at owning himſelf a papiſt," and in believing and defending the "groſs and moſt childiſh abſurdities," in which that—"grand apoſtacy" every where abounds—together with the—"old wives ſtories told by the writers of Martyrologies,*" belonging to it? Talk not to me of your *Fiſhers*, your *Hoſiuſſes*, *Bellarmins*, *Salmerons*, *A Caſtros*, your *Du Perrons*, *Nicoles*, and *Boſſuets*—it was their "intereſt" to be Romaniſts: neither were any three of them, including your Herculean champion *Bellarmin* himſelf, ſo "blindly ſuperſtitious" as you.—But

* Theſe are *Dodwell's* very words. Mr. *Gibbon*, a very unfair citer of the *few* works of the Fathers, he has *really* read, and a moſt daring aſperſer of the *perſonal character* of the virtuous men who compoſed them, uſes many expreſſions equally contumelious on the ſame ſubject.

you,

you, "damn your limbs†" what can you expect gaining by popery in this country, unless, perhaps, to be scragged for it*?

It

† I protest to all Europe, and call such foreigners as have made any stay in England, to witness what I say, that, though the above imprecation is seldom heard from the mouths of persons of rank here, *toutdem hitere*, still the word "*damned*," is almost in as frequent use among them, as among the lower order of people. Their ordinary way of censuring it by declaring the "dinner," for example, "they had between Rome and Naples to have been a *damned* bad one;"—that the Italians and "Portugueze are" *damned* cowards, and treacherous "rascals;"—the Spaniards "*damned* insolent vapourers;"—the French "*damned* sycophants and slaves;"—the ladies of France "*damned* whores, or "*damnation* whores;"—Catholic priests, especially Monks "*damned* cheats, or *damned* stinking scoundrels." They think it not enough to say, they are going to the Theatre, to express their disapprobation of a player or play, but barbarously declare, they intend—"*damning* "*them*." Martin Luther had not the devil oftner in his mouth, nor (as he himself owns to have been repeatedly the case) the same evil spirit more frequently by his side, when in bed with his Catherine, than our *good-natured* and *reformed* English the expressions "*Damn*, "*Damnation*,—*devil*,—*devilish*,—*hell* and *hell-fire*." Indeed, there is scarce the least vestige of the fear of God discernible, in the speech of an Englishman. A few of the poor sometimes, I own, say, "thank God, "or God preserve us," from such or such a misfortune; but persons of the least distinction never drop a syllable, denoting the least Respect or Gratitude towards

wards their Maker. When these, (I mean only the men) relate how narrowly they escaped being shipwrecked, or their unexpected recovery out of a fit of sickness,—it is generally thus: "We were, by God, in "very great danger—and have had a *damned* lucky "escape.—It blew *cursedly*.—Every one on board expect-"ed to sup that night with the Devil.—Our seamen (as "is usual with them when the case seems quite despe-"rate) swore most *gloriously*,—all but one Spaniard or "Portugueeze,—and he mumbled over some prayers—"to Saint Antony, as we suppose."—Again—"I was "*confounded* sick all day yesterday;—but the *damned*,—"or the *hellish*,—or the *hell fire* pain has at last left me."—As for praying to God daily,—to this they are all both high and low as great strangers, I mean after they quit school, as the brute creation. From twenty years knowledge of the country, and the best information I could receive from themselves, even from many of their pre-dicants, I dare affirm, as positively as it is possible to determine about such matters, there are not one hundred Englishmen in the nation, (excepting, without doubt, the Catholics) worth so little as forty pounds a year each, who bent a knee, out of church, once in seven years, in a prayer of five minutes to God, either morning or evening, between the age of nineteen and forty. Nay, if, when travelling, or at any other time, they happen to find a Catholic of their own nation, or some foreign one on his knees, morning or evening (according to the general, if not universal, practice, in states professing the doctrines of Rome) they look with an air of stupid astonishment, mixed with contempt;—thinking the person, who renders that small mark of duty to the omnipotent and most gracious Lord, to be—a *damned* strange and queer fellow, or a *confounded sorry dog*."

It

"It is impoſſible for you to avoid ſeeing, that to proſecute you would be a popular ſtep. Had you indeed, ſuppreſſing your popery, written ever ſo many treaſonable libels againſt the King, or actionable ones, againſt the Miniſters, you might expect to remain in thorough ſafety. For in vain have the laws provided puniſhment againſt ſuch offences; in vain would the judge explain theſe laws to the jury, while, the latter, at the, (in their opinion,) trifling expence of perjuring themſelves, might acquit you, as they have often lately done other notorious delinquents. But impunity is, you know, the excluſive privilege of ſuch as tranſgreſs the laws, in favour of liberty. The jury generally adminiſter juſtice to

* Scragged, or cheated, or done over, in the Canting language, meant to be hanged. Theſe expreſſions, it is true, were never in uſe among any but the loweſt claſs of people. In general, however, perſons of all ranks in England are, as was before hinted, much more accuſtomed to expreſs themſelves in a proverbial, coarſe, and low manner, than any of their Southern, and than moſt of their Northern, Neighbours.

to all men, except their unfortunate king, and those called by him to fill high offices. It is in these last cases alone our sworn "*good men and true*" make "cyphers" of the judges, to use Colonel John *Lilburne*'s expression *; overturn laws, yet unrepealed, and in full force; and stain their souls with the guilt of perjury, only to gratify plebeian spite against their superiors. But you,—"poor devil," will receive no protection from the prejudices or passions of any party. You—are "fair game." Were even the judge inclined to favour you, the jury will determine, according to the strict letter of the law. And as for your insignificance, it is far from being probable *that* will screen you from punishment. You are not of less consequence than some printers lately prosecuted by order of the *faithless Commons*. You are not more obscure, than the author and publisher of the periodical papers, intitled the *Whisperer* and *Crisis*; nor inferior in learning, ability, and resolution, to

* See his trial among the State ones.

the

the printer or writer of the ſhort, flat, every-way-ill-written, and pſeudonymous letter, ſigned a *Briton*.

"Commend me to "*Hume, Johnſon, Robertſon, Hurd, Beattie, Prieſtly*," and all our other authors who, notwithſtanding the almoſt irreſiſtible propenſity of all men of genius to advance ſingular opinions,—yet are the above, and every other writer bleſſed with the ſmalleſt ſhare of diſcretion, very careful never to let fall any thing, that might render their perſons or writings too UNPOPULAR, and thereby prevent their own preferment, or check the ſale of their works. This is what one may call "Having ſenſe."—But even allowing, (which is more than you deſerve) that in the midſt of your flights,—abſurdities—puerile bigotry—and indifferent ſtyle,——you ſtill diſcover much eccleſiaſtical and ſeculiar erudition, together with a malignant *Mandevillian* ſagacity, in laying open the weakneſſes of the human heart,—yet, admitting ſo much,

which is more in your favour than you merit, can you, if you be not the "greateſt oaf in Chriſtendom," expect either profit or credit from your works in this country, odious as they muſt be rendered by the pains you take to recommend your—"popiſh follies?" If this proceeding of yours be "ſenſe," give me always O Lord, nonſenſe,—that is, a prudent attention to ſelf-intereſt, in its room. If the profeſſion of authorſhip is not to be ſupported, but at the high expence of loſs of fortune, reputation, health, and perhaps of liberty and life—*the ſouls of all my tribe* preſerve from a prepoſterous deſire to embrace it, O Lord.

'Are you, through old age, infirmities, or poverty, grown tired of exiſtence, and do you, actuated by ſuch conſiderations, take this deſperate method of irritating government to relieve you from its preſſures? Know, we are neither afraid nor aſhamed to put to death, when we "take it in our heads," perſons of much greater conſequence than you. Indeed, we regret having unjuſtly condemned *Fiſher*, *More*,

More, and ſeveral beſides, in the ſixteenth century, Lord *Stafford*, and a few other harmleſs papiſts, in the laſt;—becauſe, in general, they had not, either by writing or dogmatizing, given us any ſort of provocation; having contented themſelves with remaining peaceably in the religion of their anceſtors, which we imagined we had great cauſe to depart from. But your caſe is totally different from theirs. You begin a ſeditious attack when nobody was moleſting you or your party, except in the news-papers, in three or four pamphlets, and in the propoſals for printing by ſubſcription a book againſt popery by a Parſon *Smith*, whom no one knows.—You think it unworthy of a deſcendant from warlike and ancient, though, with reſpect to territory, inſignificant kings, to keep on the defenſive.

—"The riſing monarch revels in your veins;"—
Goldſmith.

Wherefore nothing leſs than acting *offenſively* can ſatisfy your undaunted and royal ſpirit. Without deigning to uſe any conciliatory or

introductory parable, like Nathan, you (a poor, unknown lay-man, in whom every ſpark of Majeſty might be ſuppoſed *extinguiſhed by five hundred and four years cruel bondage*) aſſault our entire ſtate, its Commons, King, and Lords, with an inſolence *out-Becketing* Becket himſelf; with a contemptuous vehemence far exceeding *Chryſoſtom's* invective againſt his empreſs, or your father *Bourdalone's*—*vir es ille vir*,—thundered out againſt the then victorious Lewis the fourteenth, who was perſonally preſent.—Surely, no man ever obeyed Saint *Paul's*—*increpa illos dure*,* better than you. Yet he himſelf, when he railed at the Cretans, calling them evil beaſts, lazy-bellied and lying men, acted ſo far moderately, as to do it only at a diſtance, and in a private letter: but you "tell us enough in all conſcience," —*et cela a notre barbe*—"up to our very noſes." Thus do you urge your fate. You compel us, whatever be our reluctance, to ſtop your breath, as the only means of reſtraining

* Epiſt. ad Tit. cap. I. 13.

your

your treasonable and biting, though otherwise wild and despicable, pen.—You seem to expect some benefit will accrue to your friends, nation, or church, by "enthusiastically" devoting yourself for them.—Wherefore, if we are inclined to gratify you in that respect, your blood will certainly be on your own head. Every body (not excepting ninety-nine out of an hundred of your own communion in France, England, Ireland, and Holland, besides the majority in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and in all other catholic states, except among the confederating nobility of Poland) will confess, we acted right;—that you grew quite unsufferable,—and that not being a mad man, in the full extent and meaning of the law,—we could not avoid taking away your insignificant life;—your writings have a certain air of blunt, sincere, indignant, and disinterested honesty;—qualities extraordinarily admired in our country, and which enforced attention, and even respect, in spite of the glaring absurdities, with which said productions are every where replete.

"Come, "take a fool's advice,"—if you muſt publiſh theſe two rhapſodical volumes, publiſh them in Italy. There the Pope, whom you flatter ſo extravagantly, will reward them with—"ten million of years indulgence;" a recompence certainly more eligible than a pillory or cell at Bedlam, which are the only marks of eſteem, your labours will probably be honoured with by us. Should you, however, prove obſtinate, I hope the ſilly curioſity of the public, you ſo often abuſe, will not, by ſubſcribing, enable you to print your trafh in this kingdom: or, at leaſt, that your eccleſiaſtical ſuperiors, the perſecuting principles of whoſe religion you too manifeſtly diſcloſe, will expreſsly command you, under pain of ſuſpenſion or excommunication, to ſuppreſs the work. If, in the mean time, you cannot live without ſcribbling, why give us half the contents of the volumes,—that is,—the remarks long ſtudy and obſervation may have enabled you to make on human nature, eſpecially on the Heroic Character, and we ſhall perhaps thank you for them.—For be they

they well or ill-founded, many of them are either accute,—intirely new, or at leaſt preſented in a new point of view. But your "theological ſtuff,—bean eating, ſelf-tormenting monks."—magic—"incubi and ſuccubi—Sign of the Croſs—Saint-worſhip,"—"Virgin Mary,"—common-place chronological reflections—&c. &c. &c.—we beſeech you, in God's name, to keep for your own private entertainment, and that of ſuch "nurſes, midwives, old women, and friars," as may be ſimple enough to reliſh them.

CHAP. III.

The favourable reception works written to vindicate Chriſtianity meet with in England:—and the prodigious efficacy of the words BIGOTRY *and* SUPERSTITION, *in quieting the conſciences of Engliſhmen.*

'IS it not very clear, you can be no ſcholar, nor even gentleman, notwithſtanding your long name, as every one, who,—"in this enlightened age,"—has the ſmalleſt pretentions to ſuch characters, inſtead of believing either Popery or Proteſtantiſm, makes open profeſſion of "*Deiſm?*" Write as many deiſtical, or even atheiſtical, works as you pleaſe, but nothing "ſavouring of Popery." Be "a well-bred man," and either ſay nothing of God and his Providence, like the compiler of the account of *Anſon's voyage*, or deride and arraign the diſpenſation of the Deity, in imitation

imitation of the late *Hawkesworth*. Such a proceeding will prove you well acquainted with polite life, or "the *ton*;" whereas none but a Tramontane or Hottentot would speak of God or Religion, except in order to be vastly witty and poignant, in ridiculing them. Above all things, beware of common candour or temper, when you mention popery; this being the "great beast" described in what the Romanists term the Apocalypse, as has been solidly demonstrated by the first Reformers, by *Nicolai*, *Cowper*, *Jurieu*, and many besides, and not long since by our own Sir *Isaac*, with *Master Tommy Newton** and Mr. *Hurd* still living.

'Whoever

*In Geneva, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, &c. they long since gave over their arbitrary and stupid comments, (*Vitringa* and another late writer only excepted) on the whore, beast, number 666, *big and little horns*, the olives, eyes, weeks and days, mentioned in Daniel and the Apocalypse. These rhapsodical commentaries, running every where counter to the unanimous expositions of the fathers, were so thread-bare, and cried down, towards the end of the last century, that *Bayle* and many other Calvinists turned *Jurieu* into ridicule, for having revived them, with the unsupported and virulent rants of the early reformers. But it is the fate

fate of England, to be always a century or more behind-hand, in point of settled Government, orderly police, civility, and other improvements, to its neighbours. *Abuse* and *slander*, in particular, they are extremely loth to part with. Wherefore we find their modern little *Newton* of Bristol, a mere *belles letters* young gentleman, who is acknowledged as ignorant in Divinity as his own *Milton*, was not ashamed lately to borrow the "little horn" from the old Reformers, and Nicolai, Jurieu, &c. to tantalize the Pharisaical Papists, as he calls them. With this little weapon, and the eyes he puts into it, with his little orthography, his little second-hand theological reading, his little third or fourth-hand Hebrew, and other diminutive man-imitating sports, he afforded the public much mirth. Oh, (as some of his own Country and Communion prognosticate) it will be a notable Controvertist and *Prophet*, when it grows big! When it gets sense, learns to *spell like a man*, studies the fathers in the original, reads the able controversial writers for and against Popery, who can tell but it may prove a *Calvin*, *Kemnits*, *Claude*, *Chillingworth*, or *Stillingfleet*? For the present, nothing is more reasonable than that it should divert itself, in a manner suited to its tender years, and slender capacity. Lest, however, we should be too ready to despise its pretty little plaything, "the little horn," he assures us this same "little horn," notwithstanding its small size, "is to continue "STANDING, SPEAKING great things, LOOKING "STOUTER than its fellows," and performing mighty feats, until the year 2000. After which time we know not what new toy the Master Tommys of the age shall make choice of, to divert themselves and the neighbours: for our little Newton *modestly* declines, *prophecying* any event subsequent to the downfall of his little favourite horn, which he positively foretels is to happen, at, or about the above-mentioned period.

'Whoever

Whoever profeſſes to believe Chriſtianity, particularly the Doctrines of the Roman Church, cannot poſſibly be a perſon of "tolerable underſtanding." One may write either in ſupport of *Copernicus* or *Ptolemy's* ſyſtem, and be a "man of ſenſe" in either caſe, provided neither Chriſtianity nor Popery * be maintained at the ſame time. It is no irretrievable impeachment on a man's judgment, to oppoſe, eſpecially in the beginning, the doctrine of the Circulation of the blood; to rail at Jeſuit's Bark, the uſe of Tobacco, Tea, &c. to prefer ancient writers to modern ones, or moderns to ancients; French to Italian, or Italian to French muſic; to eſteem *Plato* more than

* Many Engliſh authors, even of late, have, it is true, written with an apparant deſign of defending Chriſtianity; but they do it with ſuch *complaiſance* for the general unbelief of the Kingdom, with ſo many mixtures of error and hereſy, that they neither incur averſion nor contempt: abandoned men not thinking it worth while to *hate* any, but perſons *uniformly true*. Thus Mr. *Jenyns*, author of a moſt dangerous book lately publiſhed, intitled, A View of the internal evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, has, while he is extolling Chriſtian morality, blended ſo many falſe and pernicious principles with his pretended encomium, that the moſt hardened infidels are little, if at all, irritated againſt him. And certainly, it

than *Ariſtotle*, or the contrary; to deem *Lucan* preferable to *Virgil*, *Cicero* to *Demoſthenes*, &c.—if the Chriſtian religion is but deſpiſed, a perſon may ſupport whatever firſt comes to hand, and be ſtill a man of genius and ability, though perhaps ſomewhat ſingular and paradoxical in his notions. But nothing is ſo intolerably ſtupid and provoking, as commending any of the early Chriſtians, diſtinguiſhed by the name of "*ſaints*," eſpecially if the particulars of their lives are related. "Their auſterities, ſelf-denials, and faſts," ſo hateful to Engliſh ears * and ſtomachs, are perpetually to

it would be unnatural if they were. For as long as he is ready to leave the truth of Scripture *hiſtory* at their mercy, and tells them, that believing Chriſt to be the ſon of God is the *only* point of faith neceſſary for ſalvation, he will be rather deemed an ally, than an enemy, by the generality of his vain and profligate Countrymen, who ſo ſedulouſly labour to talk themſelves into infidelity, and who never diſcover any enmity againſt thoſe, whoſe errors are of equal magnitude with their own: none but the *thoroughly orthodox* having cauſe to deſpair of an indulgent, and even favourable treatment from them.

* The modeſty and meekneſs of the holy perſonages, alluded to above, appears ſlaviſh imbecility to inſolent, licentious, king-buſing, and yet at bottom meanly

timid

to be met with. There "Enthuſiaſtic," becauſe irkſome croſſings, and prayers, and genuflections, with a formidable train of much more

timid Engliſhmen. The former's chearful reſignation ſeems diſguſtful and odious to a carnal gluttonous race, who, having all their lives worſhipped no other God but their bellies, are at laſt often abandoned by their maſter, in his turn, to ſuch a degree, as to end their hoggiſh and gloomy days in the midſt of the fleſh-pots, which were always the chief objects of their veneration, by their own ever thankleſs and murmuring hands, the moſt irreligious, and therefore, in a Chriſtian ſenſe, the vileſt they could poſſibly fall by. Even the very expreſſions—*Saint*—*Bleſſed*—and *Holy*, grow ſo thoroughly diſagreeable to them, becauſe they perceive they neither have, nor deſire, the leaſt ſhare in the qualities, which merited ſuch appellations, that whoever has in later times been honoured with any ſuch names is ſure to be inſtantly abuſed by this mobbiſh, ungracious, low-bred, low-born people, who, conſcious of their own worthleſſneſs and inſignificance, labour with all their might, to reduce every body to a level with themſelves, particularly anointed Sovereigns, and Eccleſiaſtical perſons: for it is chiefly againſt theſe laſt that the preſumptuous, ſlanderous and railing mouths of this ever diſcontented, ever cloudy, ever, in the midſt of health and opulence, unhappy nation are perpetually vomiting forth rancourous falſhoods, and groſs revilings.

Such are the people who, as if they deſigned to flout themſelves with burleſque irony, conſtantly boaſting of

 good-nature,

more onerous mortifications, ſtare us perpetually in the face, as if intending to move us to confuſion and compunction. But we can at any

good-nature, tenderneſs of diſpoſition, and humanity; qualities which they are not even acquainted with in theory. What ſay you, courteous, becoming, and civil-tongued Italy, to the droll pretentions to humanity, ſet up by an Iſland, whoſe viper-like travellers * make no other return, but vulgar, raſh and ſcandalous invectives, for the hoſpitable civilities, and marks of conſideration, you heap upon ſuch of theſe *Mundunguſes* and *Smellſunguſes* as viſit you? Will you, polite France, bear teſtimony to the gentle temper and humanity of a ſnarliſh litter of bull-dogs, whom were you to oblige and careſs to eternity, you could never ſoften into candid-eyed benignity, nor, with all your officious courteſy, correct of that ſnappiſh, churliſh, moody *growl* ſo ingrafted in their nature? What other return but low invectives do they make you, for having been the chief inſtruments in communicating to them the little poliſh their nature was capable of receiving. Though it is to you, they are principally indebted, for the progreſs they made in every art, except that of negociation, which none of their Countrymen, but the late Marlborough, had the ſmalleſt capacity for, yet do they not daily, *ſelon leur bonne et louable coutume*, abuſe your numerous, learned, ingenious, witty and polite writers, and this at the inſtant, they are ſhameleſsly pilfering from them? You, when at war with them, carry on the conteſt with martial weapons *ſolely*, leaving ſcurrilous reflections on Crowned

* *Howel, Burnet, Miſſon, Addiſon, Middleton, Sharpe, Smollet, Brydone*, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

any time defeat their purpoſe, by the uſe of a few hard names, or random aſperſions, ſuch, for example, as—"*fanatic heads of primitive Chriſtians*:—

Crowned heads, and other reſpectable perſonages, to their incurable ſavage indecency, which cannot refrain a ſingle day, from ejecting theſe plebeian effuſions, of its ſplenetic and unmannerly ill-will.

And you, unfortunate natives of Ireland! who to your coſt are better acquainted with this *unamiable* people; what marks have you after five hundred years connection, to produce of their *lenity* and *good-nature*? Alas! the very mention of ſuch virtues, as are pretended to by a nation ſo diametrically oppoſite to them, is adding inſult to your long and unparalleled ſufferings under their yoke.—Your fertile country uncultivated, through their *induſtry-chilling diſcouragement*—your trade, notwithſtanding your advantageous ſituation, cramped and inſignificant, through their *reſtraining laws*. Your ſtaple manufacture—for you have the *mockery* of a ſtaple, is not the only, marked for circumſcription. Every branch of trade—particularly thoſe moſt beneficial to agriculture, Engliſh influence has doomed to decay. No ſooner were your Breweries and Diſtilleries noted for promoting cultivation, than they were blighted by *experimental* laws, which muſt have originated in ſomething worſe than idiotiſm. In ſhort all your manufactures are kept in a hectic ſtate through their *monopolizing jealouſy*, their *burthenſome eſtabliſhment*, and *fleecing penſions*.——— But who could enumerate every wanton indignity and evil, they heap upon you?—your country weekly depopulating through that accurſed ſyſtem of policy

Chriſtians :—well intended but fooliſh obſervances :—unworthy notions of the Deity, to fancy he requires, or is pleaſed with ſuch an uncomfortable

they adopted, of *reducing to beggary* every nation ſubject to their realm.—Theſe and the like favours, which they diſpenſe with a liberality peculiar to themſelves, will proclaim to the whole world the equity, moderation, and *good-nature*, of—Engliſhmen.—Would to Heaven, notwithſtanding, they confined the miſchiefs they inflicted on you to the temporal ones, however grievous, now in part mentioned. But no—like unrelenting inſtruments of man's implacable enemy, they are not content with rendering you *wretched in this life*, unleſs they ſucceed at the ſame time in plunging you into ſtill greater calamity, in the *next*. The FAITH, which you preſerved in its original purity, in the ſmoky, dreary, and comfortleſs hovels to which they reduced you;—that faith which you believe it would be treaſon againſt the ſacred majeſty of God to deſert, is the object of their fiend-like envy. They cannot bear to ſee you unſhaken therein, in the *abyſs of want*, while they baſely deſerted from it, in the lap of *proſperity*. To this diabolical ſpirit you owe all the ſtratagems and violences, practiſed by them, for two hundred years, without intermiſſion to ſtrip you of your orthodoxy, the *only one* of your poſſeſſions, that has hitherto eſcaped their appropriating hands. Theſe are the returns they make you, for having been eminently inſtrumental, in imparting to them the glad tidings of that Goſpel, they ſince ſo ignominiouſly trampled on. You ſent out the children of your Princes, and ſometimes your Princes in perſon, to enlighten

table way of living:—they forget that all the Creatures of God are good, and that nothing is to be rejected, which is received with thanksgiving:

—Are

lighten their kingdom, then ſitting in utter darkneſs:—and how have they recompenſed you?—Why after lawleſsly diſtributing your eſtates, poſſeſſed for thirteen centuries or more by your illuſtrious families, whoſe antiquity and nobility, if equalled by any nation in the world, none but the immutable God of Abraham's ever beloved and choſen, though at preſent wandering and afflicted, people ſurpaſſes;—after, I ſay, ſeizing on your inheritances, and flinging them among their *Cocks, Hens, Crows, Rooks, Daws, Wolves, Lions, Foxes, Rams, Bulls, Hogs*, and other birds and beaſts of prey; or veſting them in the ſweepings of their jails,—their *Smallwoods, Dolittles, Barebones, Strangeways, Smarts, Sharps, Tarts, Sterns, Churls*, and *Savages*;—their *Scarlet's, Greens, Blacks, Browns, Greys*, and *Whites*;—their *Smiths, Carpenters, Brewers, Barbers, Bakers*, and *Taylors*;—their *Suttlers, Cutlers, Butlers, Truſtlers*, and *Jugglers*;—their *Norths, Eaſts, Souths*, and *Weſts*;—their *Fields, Rows, Streets* and *Lanes*;—their *Tom's ſons, John's ſons, Will's ſons, James's ſons, Dick's ſons, Nick's ſons*, and *Wat's ſons*;—their *Packs, Slacks, Tacks*, and *Jacks*;—to complete their ingratitude and injuſtice, they tranſported a cargo of ignorant hungry adventurers among you, impiouſly calling the filthy lumber, *Miniſters of God's Word*. Theſe they empowered and commiſſioned to put in practice every ſpecies of ill-uſage and perſecution, with an avowed deſign of dragging from you the holy faith, through a zealous attachment to which, your country merited to

—Are not the ways of Religion ways of pleaſantneſs?—Are we not commanded again and again to rejoice in the Lord?—Let one who does not eat,

receive, from time immemorial, the glorious title of *the Iſland of Saints.* All this they have done in order that, though they would not ſuffer you to partake in the leaſt of their earthly felicity they might involve you in the moſt henious guilt of WILFUL hereſy, and thereby infallibly cauſe you, to endure, the everlaſting and horrible puniſhment, to which Heaven and Earth's jealous Judge has condemned all, who perſevere in ſo enormous a crime.—

You alſo, you harmleſs natives of the *Empire of Indoſtan* and its dependencies, who are become happy by falling under the Dominion of a certain *good-natured* European Country,—you too,—I mean ſuch of you, as are not yet —*ſlaughtered* or *ſtarved*,—will bear witneſs to the—*gentleneſs*,—averſion to *famine-creating monopolies*,—ignorance in the arts of *treachery and barbarous rapacity*, of —Engliſhmen.

Tell me, you ſincere, and too credulous *North American nations*,—ſince Providence by ſubjecting you to one or other of the European powers, made you well acquainted with them,—whoſe dominion you felt moſt oppreſſive, and are on that account moſt averſe to? What people have you experienced—leaſt indulgent,—leaſt compaſſionate,—leaſt kind-ſpoken,—leaſt ſympathiſing,—leaſt diſpoſed to mitigate, by humane and heart-ſoothing uſage, the ſeverity of a yoke, which the Realms that are freeſt themſelves are the apteſt to preſs, in the moſt galling

eat, not judge him who eats.—All things are clean to the clean.—It is not by what enters the body that a man is defiled.—Will-worſhip,—needleſs

galling manner, on the necks of dependent ſtates?—But my interrogatories are anticipated by certain *Colonies*, their actions have diſcovered abundantly the deep ſenſe they entertain of the moderation, freedom from tyranical inſolence, diſintereſtedneſs, *good-nature, and humanity* of—Engliſhmen.

Scotland, thou long independent, and warlike kingdom,—thou art at laſt united to England. The ancient and renowned blood of your heroic nobles is of late daily blended with the upſtart mongrel progeny, of *ſix or ſeven nations*. Well, has even an alliance with your beſt families been able to faſhion this never yet beloved people, to any real generoſity of ſentiment,—to liberality of thought,—or common decency of language?—Is it not rather notorious, that a dung-hill breed you found them, and—a dung-hill breed they *ſtill remain?* Were all the gallant *Campbells*, *Grahams*, *Dundees*, *Mac Donalds*, or Princely *Douglaſes*, that ever exiſted in your Country to yield, through neighbourly condeſcenſion, to the deſires of every luſtful woman of quality in this part of the Iſland, would not the ennobling purpoſes of the above or of ſuch like honorable men be ſtill defeated, and their numerous deſcendents, when grown up to maturity, prove no better than—Engliſhmen after all?—Let me however leave ſuppoſitions, and return to *facts*. —I defy you to produce, during the long intercourſe which ſubſiſted between England and you, ſix inſtances, where diſguſtful aſperities had been worn off in, and a proper poliſh acquired by, the above number of its inhabitants.

needleſs works,— placing confidence in filthy rags of over-righteouſneſs.— Acts of ſupererogation;— ſtupid ignorance;—abject timidity;—drivelling ſimplicity,"

habitants.—Men of induſtry,—men of bookiſh information,—men of ſound knowledge in ſubjects, where their religious, political or national prejudices could not interfere, to lead them into the palpable errors, ſo uſual to them,—men who behaved reſolutely in battle, eſpecially when their country was *not invaded*, and provided they had not been deprived of an ounce of their uſual quantity of *food*, nor of a half-pint of the meaſure of *ſtrong liquors*, to which they were accuſtomed,—men of theſe and the like qualifications, we have often ſeen among them:—but in vain would you endeavour to propagate the growth of *gentility*, in a ſoil ſo extremely unfriendly to that choiceſt of human plants.—Tell me whether the leaven of *purſe-proud, moroſe uncouthneſs*, ſo incorporated with the ſubſtance of an Engliſhman, is not, in ſpite of the advantages of opulent circumſtances, claſſical education, and travel, diſcernible in them, on every occaſion, both at home and abroad? Do you not in foreign parts daily bluſh at their ſtriking inferiority, in point not only of conciliating behaviour and courtly urbanity, but even of common good manners, to Gentlemen of France, of the French and Auſtrian Netherlands, Italy, Spain, and Poland? Are you not, for inſtance, frequently ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment and confuſion, when their Lords, their Admirals, and their Generals diſcover themſelves ſuch miſerable proficients in becoming notions, as to know no rule, by which to eſtimate the merit or demerit of the Nobility and Gentry, whoſe countries

ſimplicity,"—&c. &c. together with our beſt auxiliary found,——"SUPERSTITION." — And indeed, no expreſſion in our language, is

tries they ſcamper through, but the latters wealth or poverty; their luxurious or plain *food*. Are you not in daily dread, leſt a native of ſome kingdom, whoſe diet they exclaim againſt, ſhould, provoked at length by their culinary revilings, reprove one of them, by telling him in the words of *Homer*, that he—Mr. Sharp, for inſtance—*boaſts* "*too much concerning his ſtomach*," roaſt beef, &c. a vaunting which that poet thought unſeemly *even in a mouſe*? Were not their malevolent and ungentleman-like reflections too well known all over Europe to be minded, woe to the reputation of a country, where a carnivorous and gluttonous Engliſh traveller chanced (owing perhaps to the publican's ignorance of his gueſt's ravenous appetite) to meet with a ſcanty allowance of *fleſh-meat*. All the worth a nation may have been famed for during ages will not atone, in the abſtemious and *good-natured* Briton's ſight, for his having been defrauded of half his uſual quantity, at a meal.—In vain do the Nobility of ſuch a "DAMNED COUNTRY" eagerly ſeize all opportunities of paying him every attention, that gentleneſs of diſpoſition and thorough good-breeding can ſuggeſt;—In vain are all gardens,—all curioſities,—all palaces,—all cabinets thrown open, with the moſt winning officiouſneſs, to his inſpection and reſearches;—In vain do *true* Noblemen and Princes (with whom, by reaſon of his groſſneſs of ſentiment, and malignity of temper, he is, notwithſtanding his title of Lord or Duke, unworthy to converſe) ſtudy every poſſible method of giving him pleaſure,

is so eminently serviceable to us, in suppressing intirely, or at least in aiding us to *out-roar*, the reproaches of our conscience, as the one last

sure, in order to soften, if practicable, his *canine heart* into something like a human one!—In vain do they keep a strict guard upon their lips, to prevent their letting fall the most distant hint of any thing they may not admire in the *Climate*, Situation, or Soil of his Country, or disapprove of in the *taste*, *manners*, degree of *subordination* and *peaceable demeanor*, *political constitution*, or *religious principles*, of its natives.—His *obdurate* breast is proof against all these, and an hundred more, testimonies of refined courtesy, of hospitable and humane regard, which are weekly heaped upon him. Such courtly and friendly offices,—strange but too true to tell!—serve only to irritate him. His evil-judging soul ascribes them all to pitiful and base *design*. In his jaundiced eyes, all the preventing civilities, he is every where treated with by Marshals, Princes, Cardinals, Sovereigns and Popes, are so many plots subtily devised, either to—cheat him of his guineas, or to—seduce him to believe in *Popery*, *and wear wooden shoes*. He is of such mighty importance, because worth twenty thousand pounds a year, that all states through which he passes enter immediately into deep consultation how to *deceive*, by—obliging him. At every common compliment, he trembles, lest a princely hand should be feeling for his purse. Nor are his illiberal and ungrateful apprehensions thoroughly dispelled, until he associates with his own titled Countrymen, when he is at length rendered secure and happy, by that *inattention*, *coarseness*, and often *brutality* of behaviour, which, from its congeniality

laſt mentioned. For by applying it, without any determined or defined ſenſe, to the ſentiments of any author, however univerſally celebrated

niality to his own, it is natural he ſhould have the greateſt reliſh for. It is in the ſociety of theſe he unburdens himſelf fully,—for in the midſt of all the conſideration ſhewn him by foreigners, he could not altogether ſuppreſs in their preſence the effects of his inborn tendency to *low cenſure*, and *complaints*,—when, I ſay, he returns to his own *good-natured* countrymen, he vents his never to be exhauſted ſpleen againſt the innholders, by whom the rancid butter, ill-dreſſed and ſcanty dinner were ſerved up. Theſe indifferent or even bad, accommodations, which men of rank and delicacy in other countries, though they perceive, yet ſcorn being *too much* affected by, afford an eternal ſubject for his *querulous*, *ill-humoured*, *exaggerated*, and *ſarcaſtic* obſervations. And the remembrance and grateful ſenſe of every thing elegant, magnificent, or praiſe-worthy he had ſeen,—of the daily courteſies he had received, together with the reſpectful attention every where tendered him,—are obliterated by the grumbling of his guts at the recollection of the few indifferent or temperate meals he was forced to put up with, in the courſe of his peregrinations.

Have you—I again demand—O Scotland, been ever yet able with your utmoſt ſkill (leaving the late thorough bred, well informed, moderately candid, but immoral *Cheſterfield*, with a few more, out of the queſtion) ſo to hew an Engliſh block, as to bring forth ſome form reſembling a civilized,—*tolerably tempered*,—

tolerably

celebrated he may have been during a long ſucceſſion of thirteen or fourteen Centuries, —or to any duty or ſalutary admonition, we

tolerably contented,—tolerably undepreciating, and *kind-judging,—tolerably devout* human creature? Have you not repeatedly experienced how ineffectual all methods, except laying your hands on your ſwords, had always proved to check in Engliſhmen of every rank, their innate propenſity to GIVE PAIN by *undervaluing taunts, unprovoked aſperſions, and baſe national reflections?* Were not the unmannerly and inhoſpitable barbarity of Engliſhmen in this and other reſpects already known to a proverb, in moſt parts of Europe, the vile treatment you, in particular, received in their Speeches, Pamphlets and books publiſhed in King William's time, and while the Act of Union was under conſideration—in Mr. *Swift's* works, in Mr. *Johnſon's* tour to your Iſlands, in Mr. *Glover*, author of *Leonida's* evidence delivered ſome years ſince, at the bar of the Houſe of Commons, in Mr. *Churchill's* poems, particularly his *Prophecy of Famine*, in Mr. *Wilkes* the late Lord Mayor's *North Briton paſſim*, and in many other publications of leſs note, would be no inconſiderable vouchers of it. In fine, do you not intirely deſpair of ever being able to remove the prejudiced, raſh, preſumptuous, and brutal cenſure from their ordinary converſation? And are you not now at length convinced, it is a mark ſet on them, denoting the *ſpurious meanneſs of their origin*, as indelible, as that borne for ſo many centuries, by the envious *Cain?*

But

we think it *too troubleſome* to put in practice—it is, I ſay, only calling them at once, without any ceremony, "SUPERSTITIOUS or BIGOTTED," and we thus immediately refute and

But to come to matters, wherein you are more intereſted than in the ſlanders and promptneſs to deliver precipitate condemnations and envenomed judgments of this *good natured* tribe; pray what are the emoluments you have reaped from your union with them:—for ſo you call your *Subjection*—to *conceal your diſgrace* as much as poſſible, even from yourſelf? I hope the conſequence of their union with you is not quite ſimilar to that which attended the *Lion of the fables aſſociation with weaker animals*.—I hope, as they generouſly admitted you to an ample participation of their burthens, you alſo partake with them in their advantages.—No doubt, but your country, which in the low grounds is very little inferior to theirs, has, by means of the *equal ſhare* you enjoy in their companies, and other lucrative branches of commerce, as cultivated, improved, and flouriſhing an appearance. Being now ſo cloſely connected with them,—who in the leaſt acquainted with that peculiar *benevolence of diſpoſition* which *endears* them ſo unſpeakably to all their neighbours in general, and particularly to their PROSPEROUS ſubjects, will queſtion, but they are as anxiouſly ſolicitous about promoting your inland *navigations, fiſheries, and manufactures*, as their own?—A propos of *fiſheries*;—how *immenſe* muſt be the wealth, you derived theſe ſixty years paſt, from what was before a gold or diamond mine to the Dutch! Surely, ſuch little,—ſuch VERY LITTLE

and expoſe ſuch opinions or practices, and tolerably ſatisfy ourſelves.'

encouragement being wanting to enable you to reap the chief benefit from the bounties, which Providence annually laviſhes on your coaſts, no Hollander has theſe fifty years dared to expect permiſſion to carry away from your doors, what the goodneſs of God,—to make you amends for the barrenneſs of the hilly part of your wholeſome country,—had thought fit to leave there. Whatever cauſe moſt of their other ſubjects may think they have to proteſt hourly, with *famiſhed looks* and *heaven-moving lamentations*, that the *grudging ſelfiſhneſs* of a certain people is ſo unfeelingly cruel, as not to endure, that any of the ſtates dependent on them ſhould proſper, or indeed exiſt, with any *reaſonable degree of comfort*, under their government,—your notoriouſly *wealthy*, *reſpectable*, and *glorious* condition puts it intirely out of your power to join in any ſuch melancholy plaint.—Wherefore,—without ſuffering my congratulations to be damped by envious repining at your happy ſituation, I ſincerely felicitate you—O Scotland—on that ſource of all your national *proſperity and importance*—your *auſpicious*,—your *fortunate*—your *bleſſed* union, under the ſame government with *good-natured*, *kind*, *and humane—Engliſhmen*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Engliſhmen's Candor, Good-nature, *deliberate examination, and temper, exemplified in the judgments they pronounce, on ſuch of their fellow creatures, as embrace the* Monaſtic *or* Eremetical *life.*

'BUT of all "ſuperſtitious, odious and abominable" things imaginable, *Friars* are certainly moſt ſo. Other bodies of men, when any way numerous, are ſome of them good, ſome bad; but every individual Monk in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Poland, the hereditary dominions of the houſe of Auſtria, together with the multitudes reſiding occaſionally in the Daniſh, Pruſſian, Engliſh, Dutch, Ruſſian, Turkiſh, and Chineſe territories, including thoſe diſperſed through both

Indies, through Africa, and ſeveral of its Iſlands,—in fine, every friar *without exception* —is—"a conſummate cheat,—a louſy dog, —a drone,—a ſtinking Ignoramus,—a ſly rogue,—and a thorough-paced Scoundrel." —Such Orders of them as are not remarkable for extraordinary mortifications, are all, to a man — "gluttons, — drunkards, — whore-maſters,—and fellows plunged over head and ears, in the ſink of unnatural pollutions."— Such as are ſtill notorious for adhering to the unrelaxed ſeverity of their original inſtitutions,—why even they "bring in,"—though no body ſees them,—we declare, upon the—*unprejudiced, charitably-judging*, ſincere word of Engliſhmen, that every Carthuſian in the world goes out in the evening, after Veſpers, to bring home a—"girl as proviſion for the Convent." And though the—"lounging idlers" ſpend at leaſt eight hours daily in the Church, and the major part of that time, in ſinging the Divine Office, in an audible voice, —though they ſleep ſo little,—on ſuch hard beds,—

beds,—and that their reſt is, in every ſeaſon of the year, always interrupted about midnight,—though during at leaſt ſixteen hours out of the twenty-four, they are ſeen perpetually buſied either in prayer, ſtudy, or manual labour,—yet we ſwear, by the well-known cautious, diſcreet, candid, unabuſive, uncalumniating, undiabolical diſpoſition of Britons, that theſe ſame boaſted *Carthuſians*, *reformed Carmelites*, *Benedictins of Septfons*, *la Trappe*, &c. are a—"parcel of lazy dogs."—That, though they ſeem to paſs ſo many hours, both of the night as well as day, in pſalmody, and other public prayers, they are all nevertheleſs —"unconſcionable ſluggards."—That they eat—"moſt voraciouſly,"—even of *fleſh meat*, though they contrived for ſo many hundred years, that the public ſhould know nothing of the matter.—That though, after all, it ſhould be undeniable, they live in the manner their reſpective rules direct,— and ſhould it be allowed, that ſo many thouſand men, diſperſed in ſo many different countries, cannot

well be *all of them* ſuch expert jugglers and preſtige-practiſing impoſters as to eat "ravenouſly" of fleſh meat, when to the whole world they (the Carthuſians in particular) ſeem never on any occaſion, or through any pretended neceſſity whatſoever, to TASTE it:—to lie nightly—"with women,"—when people think none were ever permitted to enter their encloſure:—"to ſnore or doze day and night," while they contrive to appear always buſy, in the eyes of the male part of the pulic, who are often witneſſes to their edifying behaviour:—yet ſhould we, after having for near two hundred years aſſerted the contrary, be at length brought this century to grant, that, like other men, they live in reality, as they are generally thought to live;—and that nothing ſcandalous, much leſs flagitious, can be proved againſt one out of two or three hundred of them, ſtill upon the *honor and modeſt veracity* of an Engliſhman, whom mankind allows in his judgments always diveſted of prepoſſeſſion, raſhneſs, and every tincture of

of churlish and sour unkindness, they practise austerities only with a view to draw "offerings *" from simple lay fools, being themselves, *all of them without exception*, "enthusiastic and crack-brained sons of b——s." And whoever says otherwise, or desires to deliberate a little longer, before he ventures to determine, concerning their merits or demerits; or whoever appears, by a pensive hesitating aspect, to be ruminating, previous to his general condemnation of Religious persons, on such hateful subjects, as,—deserts,—locusts,—wild honey,—John the Baptist,—that fasting "man of desires," the wise Daniel,—Reccabites,—perpetual abstinence from wine,—the prophets Elias and Elizeus,—Societies or Colleges of Prophets in unfrequent-

* Solet perversorum hominum, quorum princeps est Sathan, talis esse consuetudo, ut cum Sanctorum viram reprehendere non possunt, non ex *recta intentione* eos agere *calumnientur*, secundum illud Ecclesiastici, cap. xi. vers. 33: *bona in mala convertens insidiatur, et in electis imponit maculam.*" S. Thom. Aquin. Exposit. in Job, lect. 2, pag. 20. Romæ apud P. Manutium 1562. Quarto.

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ed places, recluſe Diſciples of St. Mark the Evangeliſt at Alexandria,—univerſal ſpirit of mortification of the early Chriſtians,—St. Paul's chaſtiſing his fleſh, and reducing it into ſervitude;"—whoever mutters any words to the above purpoſe, muſt be a papiſt, CONSEQUENTLY an "Atheiſt;" and, what is ſtill worſe, a—"*town-burning, throat-cutting, warming-pan, pope Joan of an abdicating Pretender**," and therefore utterly unworthy of any further reply.

For

* Should the author be accuſed of miſrepreſentation and injuſtice, for exhibiting the foregoing and ſubſequent, not only raſh and unkind, but likewiſe exceedingly mobbiſh language, as the general mode of expreſſion, of the whole Engliſh nation,—he anſwers by confeſſing that, though the nature of this people, whether in high or low life, delights in nothing ſo much as in *haſty ſuſpicion*; in cenſuring and *cauſing uneaſineſs* to thoſe they converſe with; ſtill they are of late, through their intercourſe with well-bred foreigners, become much more civilized and decent in their diction, than they were laſt century. Wherefore the preceding and following ſtile is by no means intended, as a juſt repreſentation of the preſent manner of ſpeaking, of perſons of rank or education among them, on any ſubject, unleſs when there is queſtion of the Roman Catholic Religion. Here, however, thoſe who in other reſpects were making ſome progreſs, in the obſervance of the rules of decorum, forget

For who would argue againſt one, unreaſonable enough, to require an honeſt-ſpoken, *good-natured*

forget almoſt intirely what they had learned. They are not in this caſe the ſame men, as at other times; or rather, they are ſcarce men at all. Obſerve them, eſpecially Methodiſts and Independants, diſcourſing on the true belief, and you will ſee them, to this Century, and to this very day,—grin horribly like wild beaſts,—hiſs like ſerpents,—agitate themſelves as if convulſed, foam and gnaſh their teeth in a manner, I own, unlike any thing we can diſcover in uſe among them, on other occaſions. Let their treatiſes and diſcourſes againſt popery, even ſuch as were written in this preſent age, be looked over, and eight out of ten of them will be found, as ſpightfully lying, and as fanatically vulgar, as they have been deſcribed throughout this pamphlet. It is in the mean time true, that of late their authors and preachers endeavour to check this rancorous indiſcriminate abuſe, and that they reformed themſelves herein very conſiderably, from what they had been; yet all the precautions they may take, to try to keep themſelves within the bounds of decent moderation, and not imitate Devils incarnate altogether, when they declaim againſt their injured Miſtreſs the Church of Rome, will ever prove ineffectual;—low, paſſionate, ſlanderous reflections being ſome of the ugly marks, which have ever diſtinguiſhed, and ever ſhall diſtinguiſh, the profeſſors of the Arian, Manichean, Donatiſt, Wickliffite, Grecian, and all other heterodoxies, whatever, except perhaps the Socinians, who have been alone obſerved to manage their impious controverſy, without diſgracing it ſtill more, by ſcurrility and aſperſing

good-natured Englishman's PROVING all the crimes or defects, he thinks fit to charge any societies,

persing calumnies. It is not at the severity of censure assumed by English controversial authors, we have cause to be surprized;—for therein, they do not approach the *unabating and terrifying solemnity of condemnation*, of Catholic Doctors. What astonishes me in protestant writers is, a little *carping*, *cavilling*, *nibbling*, *fibbing*, *scolding* spirit, which is every where visible in them. Catholic Divines, who write against Apostates from the faith, generally content themselves, when they digress a little from the subject in hand, with calmly anathematizing heresy, and declaring in *express* and *steady*, but still *cool* terms, that God has doomed all such, as die out of the communion of his Church, to *a particularly severe degree of everlasting misery*. This they utter, as I insinuated in part already, either very composedly or pathetically. But you will scarce ever find them, after the example of protestant writers, railing and bellowing in stable language;—becoming black in the face with envious rage;—hunting out every where for *dirty and lying anecdotes*, to slander the *persons* of their adversaries;—nor when driven, by the clearest evidence, from one calumny, fastening on another; as protestants do in England, who, ashamed of their fictitious *pope Joan*, and obliged at last to be silent on that head,—*forge letters* in Mary Queen of Scotland's name. Detected and convicted of falsehood in that particular also,—then, during forty years successively, they roar out without intermission, from their closets, pulpits, or their *Billingsgate pillar*, against the Catholics, on pretence of the latter's having maliciously burnt their Capital City,—an accusation, according

ſocieties, however numerous, or individuals, however unreproached or reſpected before,

cording to *Lord Bolingbroke*, as *ridiculous*, as calling them authors of the preceding plague would be.—Being at length beaten from that ſtrong hold of falſhood likewiſe, they ſeek ſome other;—indifferent about the future demolition of theſe at bottom weak towers, provided they laſt during their time, or that at leaſt by running from one, ſo ſoon as it has been ſhattered to pieces, by the always in the end victorious artillery of truth, to ſome other equally ill-contrived fortification, they may thus at any rate borrow a temporary, but ever fearful, inſecure, and ground-yielding protection among them.—In ſhort, all theſe miſerable receptacles having been laid level with the ground, behold them flying a-new, but in their flight pelting the Catholics, with the atrocious depoſitions of *Oates*, and other infamous men. And when the poſt they raiſed on theſe rotten, though dear-bought, materials, became untenable alſo, obſerve how, with that low cunning, which unamiable, harſh and unpoliſhed a nation, as they have ever been, was always their principal diſgrace,—ſee them I ſay,—by *whiſpers, ſubornation, ſermons, pamphlets*, and other vile means, propagating throughout the three Kingdoms the villainous tale of the WARMING-PAN, and making it ſerve for a *corner-ſtone*, to ſupport the *black Citadel of Rebellion, and the perjured transfer of their allegiance.*

No impartial perſon therefore, who reflects on the multitude of modern authors, as well travellers, as Poets, mock Divines, Hiſtorians, and others, whoſe ſhockingly indecent calumnies I cite or allude to, in the courſe

fore, with? Good God! would it not be like demanding proof of the Sun's ſhining at noon day, to doubt about the truth of a bold Briton's aſſertion, when—after weighing matters with his uſual *deliberation* and *calm impartiality*,—he proteſts, there never exiſted a Friar, who had—"an ounce of common ho-

courſe of this work, will charge me with ranſacking old obſolete books, for inſtances of Engliſh *urbanity*, *candour*, and *good-nature*. When *Addiſon*, *Steele*, *Swift*, *Lord Moleſworth*, *Churchill*, *Smollet*, *Sharpe*, *Clarke* the traveller into Spain, *Twiſs* the baſtinadoed rambler through Ireland and other parts, beſides many celebrated Proteſtant and other teachers, together with other lately deceaſed writers of little leſs reputation, are found in my liſt of ſcurrilous revilers and ſhameleſs calumniators, who will ſay I am obliged to go two Centuries, or a Century and a half back, for proofs of the repreſentation I here exhibit, of the nation I ſpeak of? On the contrary, I truſt after a peruſal of this ſketch of Engliſh manners, though I have not employed for my purpoſe the twentieth part of the materials, which their authors furniſh in too great abundance,—it will appear, beyond the poſſibility of a reaſonable attempt at refutation, that no difference ſubſiſts between the heart of an Engliſhman of the ſixteenth, and that of one of the eighteenth century, and very little between the ſavage mode practiſed by them in both periods, to expreſs their diſapprobation of perſons, countries, and things.

neſty,

neſty,—a dram of common ſenſe,—or a ſcruple of uſeful knowledge?'

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§ 1. Saint JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

'Though John Chryſoſtom, who lived ſome years himſelf in a ſolitary cave, with extraordinary rigour, extols, in ſo many places, the *virtue* and *underſtanding* of Monks and Hermits, and that frequently in very magnificent ſtrains, calling them—"real free-men,—the true and only Philoſophers;" and contending, in the treatiſe where he compares a friar with a King, that they are entitled to greater admiration than the moſt potent Monarchs,—though he ſays elſewhere, that the deſart of Egypt is grown preferable to any paradiſe, on account of its being the reſidence of monks, whom he calls *Angels in human ſhape*; ſtill we, who have had opportunity of receiving much better information, affirm monks are *all* "ſhallow or lunatic Creatures." Wherefore if gold-mouthed John had known as much

of the miſchievous ſnares *" of Cœnobites as we, he would not, on being viſited by Dioſcorus, Iſidorus and their Companions, driven by Biſhop Theophilus out of Egypt, have ſuffer-

* 'The dangerous effects whereof" (viz. of a ground work for future diſturbances laid by Seminaries) "we feel at this day in the late diſcovered *Plot*, and ſo are like to continue, to all ſucceſſive generations, as long as the *Seminaries* and *Jeſuitiſm* remain in the world, whoſe TRADE and BUSINESS it is, to encourage themſelves and others in *miſchiefs*; or (in the phraſe of the Pſalmiſt) to commune amongſt themſelves how they may privily *lay ſnares*. The firſt of theſe *neſts of treaſon* or *rendezvouzes of rebellion* was erected at Doway, in the year 1568 . . . . Soon after another like Seminary was eſtabliſhed at Rheims, by the *bloody* Guiſes, the Queen of Scots Kinſmen; . . . . . that there might never be wanting a ſucceſſive generation of men of CORRUPT MINDS, HEADY, HIGH-MINDED, DESPISERS OF DOMINION, IDOLATROUS AND TRAITEROUS PRIESTS TO *poiſon* England with their falſe doctrines and pernicious principles." Hiſt. of the *Damnable Popiſh plot*, p. 19 & 20. 2d. Edit. Lond. 1681.

The reaſon of my quoting this paſſage from *Care* literally, is becauſe his books are fallen into greater obſcurity, than moſt of the others I allude to. For when the works I hint at are well known, as is the caſe with *Addiſon's* Voyage, and Freeholder, *Middleton's* Letter, *Swift's* Tale of a Tub, *Milton's* Anſwer to Salmaſius. &c. &c. I think it needleſs to add ſtill more to the ſize of this book by tedious citations from them.

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ed his manly face to be ſuffuſed with tears, nor have demanded, what boar it was, that had been actuated by ſuch great envy to that moſt fertile vineward *, meaning the ſaid fifty—" Monkiſh imps of hell." In a word his memory would have been much dearer to us, had he, after abuſing the—" holy cheats," plentifully, *a la façon d' Angleterre*, cauſed them to be gibbetted, for their—" damnable popiſh plots and helliſh treaſons."

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§ 2. The Saints Basil and Gregory Nazianzen.

'Though Baſil and his friend Gregory of Nazianzen † were unqueſtionably monks,—

* *Pallad.* Dial. de vit. S. Jo. Chryſ. p. 58, 59. Quart. Par. 1680.

† The above St. Gregory, in the Apology for his flight, among other high encomiums on monks, ſays, " the virtues practiſed by them are the fruit of Chriſt's ſuffering." He calls the monkiſh life, " *the Pillar of the Chriſtian Religion*, the ornament of the people, the foundation or ſupport of the world, and declares it almoſt rivals the beauty of heavenly ſpirits."

and very auſtere ones too,—and that the former, beſides miſſing no opportunity of celebrating the inſtitutions and morals of the monaſtic colleges in his time, took the trouble to compoſe rules for their government, which are at this day held in great veneration in the eaſt,—nevertheleſs, we *wiſe men in the weſt* know the bulk of friars in all ages to have been an "ignorant, hypocritical, vicious crew," the whole tribe of whom, from crow-fed Paul, and devil-fighting Antony, down to the preſent,—"race of drones," who boaſt of being their imitators never merited to be honoured with a momentary attention, by any man of ſenſe.'

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§ 3. Saint ATHANASIUS.

'Though Athanaſius is ſaid to have led the Aſcetic life for ſome time himſelf;—and though he commended the celebrated Antony wherever he went, in ſo much that, not content with having recounted the wonders of that perfecter of the monaſtic diſcipline's life and converſation,

converſation, in Rome and elſewhere,—he at length became his profeſſed Biographer*, confeſſing he derived vaſt utility from the bare remembrance of Antony!—† Though the ſame prelate was ſo inſtrumental in having friars promoted to biſhopricks, as may be ſeen at large, in his pathetic and animating

* Though a few moderns have had the effrontery, to deny Saint *Athanaſius's* being the author of the life of Saint Antony, commonly attributed to him, and inſerted in every complete edition of his Works; yet that he did write a Life of that Saint, is invincibly proved by the teſtimony of the following authors, for the moſt part Saint Athanaſius's contemporaries, or who flouriſhed ſhortly after his demiſe, to omit ſpeaking of the multitude of later writers, who atteſt the ſame thing. Saint *Gregory Nazianzen*, in his Panegyric on Athanaſius, expreſsly affirms S. Antony's Life to have been written by that biſhop. The ſame is ſaid in equally poſitive terms by S. *Ephrem*, in his tenth Aſcetic Sermon, by S. *Jerome*, in his Catalogue of Eccleſiaſtical Authors, by the anonymous author of S. Pachomius's Life, by biſhop *Palladius*, in his Account of the Lives, &c. of religious Perſons, dedicated to Lauſus, chap. 8. by *Socrates*, in the firſt and fourth books of his Eccleſ. Hiſtory, by *Ruffinus*, in the eighth chapter of the firſt book of his Eccl. Hiſt. by *Paulinus*, in his Preface to S. Ambroſe's Life; and by the hiſtorian *Nicephorus*, book 8. chap. 40.

† See his Preface to that Monk's Life.

epiſtle to Draconus*.—Though he uſed to addreſs many of his doctrinal or apologetical treatiſes

* This Draconus, who was ſuperior of a convent, and in great reputation for knowledge and ſanctity, having been, through the unanimous ſolicitation of the people, even of ſuch of them as were pagans, ordained biſhop of Hermopolis, near S. Athanaſius's Primatial See, fled from that dignity, through humanity, and dread of his not being able to fulfil its many weighty obligations. S. Athanaſius, who was united to him by the ties of ſincere friendſhip, after remonſtrating with him, on the impropriety of his conduct, and encouraging him to confide in the Grace of God, by which he had been called to the Sacred Miniſtry, to ſupply any real or ſuppoſed defects, that he might think ſufficient grounds for his declining to accept it, at length reminds him, it was by no means an uſual thing, to ſee religious Perſons promoted to epiſcopal functions.—"You are not," ſays he, "the only one among the Monks who was ordained, though ſuch perſons had been previouſly engaged in the government of monaſteries, where they gained the affection of thoſe under their care. You know, Serapion is a monk, and was ſuperior of many. You are not ignorant of what a number of monks Apollos was father. You are acquainted with Agathus and Ariſto. You remember Ammonius, who travelled with Serapion. Perhaps you have heard of Mouitus, in the Upper Thebais. You may have been informed concerning Paul who is at Latos, and many others. All theſe did not renounce their ordination, nor are they become worſe by having conſented to it, on the contrary, they are in expectation of receiving the reward of their labours.

treatiſes to monks, and ſubmitted ſeveral of them, to the judgment and cenſure of the virtuous abbot Serapion *, and other friars.—— Though monks were thoſe he honoured with his chief intimacy and confidence, chuſing

labours. What a number of Idolaters have they converted! How many have they reclaimed from diabolical practices! How many ſervants have they acquired for the Lord."—He means Monks and Nuns, who were then often deſigned by theſe, and the like appellations, in common diſcourſe.—" They have perſuaded young women to a life of virginity, and young men to one of continence. Do not therefore believe thoſe who tell you, Epiſcopacy is an occaſion of ſin. You may, though a Biſhop, be hungry and thirſty, like Paul, and drink no wine, like Timothy. We know biſhops that faſt," (he means, at all times) " and monks, who eat: biſhops, who drink no wine, and friars that do: biſhops who work miracles, and monks who operate none. Many biſhops were never married, and many friars have had children:"—that is, before they embraced a conventual life.—" On the other hand, there are biſhops who have been fathers;" (previous to their ordination) " and monks who always obſerved a thorough chaſtity."—And again—" We know, there are clergymen who endure hunger, and friars that faſt. The crown is not aſſigned to places, or ſtations, but to works."

* Vide Epiſt. ad Serap. tom. 1, p. 173. et tom. 2, p. 10 et 16. edit. Par.—De eod. Serap. vid. *Hier.* de Scrip. Eccleſ. et *Cave.* Antiq. lect.

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them moſt commonly, in preference to other worthy perſons, with whom his dioceſe abounded, for the companions of his voyages, flights, and places of concealment;—ſtill an Engliſhman, in order to *conſole* himſelf *, ſays, Monks are indiſcriminately and univerſally a—"taſteleſs †, ſenſeleſs, perfidious race,"

—and

* *Lingua maledica* "Sanctos carpere ſolita eſt, in SOLATIUM DELINQUENDI." S. *Hierom* in vit. Paulæ Romanæ.—"*Lacerant ſanctum propoſitum*, et remedium pœnæ ſuæ arbitrantur, ſi *nemo ſit ſanctus*, ſi *omnibus* detrahatur, ſi turba ſit pereuntium, ſi multitudo peccantium." Id. in Epiſt. ad Aſellam.

† The horrible railing and ſlander of the Engliſh writers, of the two laſt centuries, againſt religious perſons, are well known to all people, in the leaſt converſant with their performances. Even ſtill, much as their deſcendants boaſt of improvement, in decency and manners, evident marks of the ſame rancorous and ſavage ſpirit are diſcernible in them. Thus the miniſter *Croxall*, treating of Æſop's life, would not reſt ſatisfied with refuting the improbable account of it by *Maximus Planudes*; nor,—leſt relinquiſhing the moſt *general* perſonal abuſe, might be conſtrued into a tacit ſurrender of one of his country's privileges,—would he content himſelf with confining his cenſures to the perſon, as well as to the work of Planudes; the only man he had then the ſlighteſt pretext for animadverting on. No—Were an Engliſhman to live at the courts of Madrid, Rome, or Florence, to eternity, he would be an Engliſhman

—and ſure every Engliſhman is a being of ſuperior judgment, *candor*, *benignity*, and truth.'

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§. 4. Saint. AUGUSTIN.

'Though St. Auguſtin, among the repeated terms of reſpectful applauſe he had uſed, in moſt of his numerous productions, whenever he ſpeaks of the ancient Egyptian monks,—of thoſe in his own time at Milan,—and of the diſcipline of all well-regulated convents in

gliſhman ſtill.—Accordingly this Mr. Croaxall takes occaſion, from Planudes's having been a Monk, to pour forth the baſeſt and moſt notoriouſly-falſe reflections upon the probity, underſtanding and wit of ALL Monks indiſcriminately. Who, after reading this, and ſo many other inſtances of the ſame ſort touched on, in the preſent publication, will congratulate the inhabitants of England, on the progreſs they have made in decorum, candor, and humanity? Or who will not at leaſt lament their hearts being originally of ſo black a dye, as to tempt people to deſpair, of their ever attaining to any conſiderable ſhare of the benevolence, meekneſs, moderation, or candid and impartial mode of judging, of which their fellow-creatures, in other countries, have ſet them ſuch edifying examples?—Indeed Mr. *Pope*, the poet, ſome time ſince indulged hopes, that travel,

in general*,—ſolemnly proteſts, that ſince his converſion, he rarely ever met with more perfect men, than thoſe who encreaſed in goodneſs in monaſteries,—nor with worſe, than ſuch as had fallen off from virtue in thoſe ſocieties;—yet a modern Engliſhman, who

travel, belles lettres reading, and a tongue ſomewhat more circumſpect than the generality of his countrymen were poſſeſſed of, would faſhion Mr. *Addiſon* into a man of temper, truth, and uprightneſs. How his expectations were fruſtrated, let the Travels to Italy, Freeholder, &c. tell.—Yet Mr. Pope calls him *Atticus* after all. But from his inſidious and treacherous machinations againſt Pope himſelf, which the latter deplores, and paints in ſuch lively colors, we may ſafely infer, that, if Addiſon was really an Atticus, he was by no means a Roman one, but only an Atticus—*a l'Angloiſe*.

* I ſhall cite only one paſſage from this father, which, however, will be full ſufficient to ſhew, how differently he thought of monaſtic congregations, from *good-natured Engliſhmen*.—In his work on the Manners of the Church, after commending, in terms of extreme admiration, the converſation of holy anchorets, he ſpeaks thus of Cænobitic ſocieties.—"Quis non illos *miretur* et prædicet, qui contemtis mundi hujus illecebris, in communem vitam *caſtiſſimam ſanctiſſimamque* congregati, ſimul ætatem agunt, viventes in orationibus, in lectionibus, in diſputationibus: nulla ſuperbia tumidi, nulla pervicacia turbulenti, nulla invidentia lividi, ſed modeſti,

who perhaps never quitted his own iſland, and who appears to have dedicated moſt of the leiſure he could ſpare from accumulating wealth, or from what he calls politics, to a ſedulous inveſtigation of the myſteries and rites of horſe-racing and cock-fighting,—or of eating-clubs,—is, by mere *intuitive perception*, better acquainted with the above-mentioned communities than St. Auguſtin,

ti, verecundi, pacati, concordiſſimam vitam, et intentiſſiam in Deum, GRATISSIMUM IPSI MUNUS, offerunt, a quo iſta poſſe meruerunt. Nemo quidquam poſſidet proprium: nemo cuiquam oneroſus eſt. Patres vero non ſolum *ſanctiſſimi moribus*, ſed etiam Divina doctrina *excellentiſſimi*, nulla ſuperbia conſulunt his, quos filios vocant, magna ſua in jubendo authoritate, magna eorum in obediendo voluntate."—If ſuch have been the fruits, produced by monaſtic diſcipline in *any* period, an impartial perſon will ſcarce be brought to ſtyle, with ſeveral Engliſh authors, the vows of friars,—"*inventions of Satan*,—*innovations ſuggeſted by the evil ſpirit*,—*engagements of which the Devil is ſole author*," &c. &c. &c.—Saint Auguſtin concludes his encomium on the monks of his time, in the following manner: "Hos mores, hanc vitam, hunc ordinem, hoc inſtitutum ſi laudare velim, ne digne valeo, et vereor ne judicare videar, per ſeipſum, tantummodo placere non poſſe, ſi ſuper narratoris ſimplicitatem, cothurnum etiam laudatoris addendum putavero."

or

or any other of thoſe—"PIOUS DOTARDS," called fathers," and encouraged by ſuch more intimate and leſs erring knowledge, he can ſafely—*wager ſeven to four*, againſt all the Auguſtins in the world, that no ſorry "reptile" of a friar was ever of greater importance, than one of the—"vermin, that neſtled in his buſhy beard."

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§ 5. Saint GREGORY the Great.

'Though Pope Gregory the firſt lived for ſeveral years in a monaſtery;—though he built and endowed ſeven;—though he publiſhed the life of the famous Benedict, founder of a wide-extended order,—though the ſame Gregory, in his Dialogues, Letters, &c. bears teſtimony to the ſagacity and

* To wave referring to former well-known Engliſh writers, for the above and tantamount expreſſions of outrageous contempt, levelled at the holy fathers, ſee Mr. *Crawford's* Diſſertation on the Phedon of Plato, which, becauſe it is not at all read, I thought it neceſſary to make particular mention of, and cite, as one of my many modern vouchers of *Engliſh Candor and Good-nature*.

goodneſs

goodneſs of ſeveral friars; many of them his coevals, and ſome his intimate acquaintance, —though in his Expoſtulatory Epiſtle to a Secular Prince, in favour of the liberty of entering into monaſtic congregations, he expreſsly maintains that—there are *ſome* men, for whoſe ſalvation it is in a manner neceſſary, they ſhould abandon every thing,—as is ſtrictly practiſed by friars of all denominations; nevertheleſs, upon the word of an Engliſhman, —every monk in the world is, was, and always will be a—" worthleſs, ſuperſtitious, vicious bigot, without the ſlighteſt tincture of underſtanding,—in his bald pate." And who will not give an Engliſhman's word the preference over that of ten thouſand Athanaſiuſes, Baſils, Gregories, Jeromes, Chryſoſtoms, and Auguſtins?"

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§ 6. St. JEROME and RUFFINUS.

'Though *Ruffinus* ſpeaking of monks, ſays, we ſhould not doubt, but it is through their merits the world ſtill continues undeſtroyed —

Though *Jerome*, to avoid ſeeing ſuch irreligious and impious perſons in his days, as the Engliſh are ſaid to be now,—withdrew betimes into ſolitude, where, at length, after an abode of many years, he ended his long, ſtudious, auſtere, and virtuous life. Though he often preſſed others*,—even ladies of youth, beauty, and diſtinction,—to retire from the temptations of the world as he had done. Though, in his lives of Paul and Hilarion, he extols theſe and other "ſuch—dirty and gloomy hermits," in the moſt rapturouſly-admiring ſtile imaginable. Though he defended the lives

* This father, in his Expoſtulatory Letter to Heliodorus, ſpeaks of the deſart, and its heremitical inhabitants, in terms, which, I believe, he would have hardly applied even to the—Royal Exchange, or the diſintereſted and *good natured* Engliſh who frequent it, were he now living, and had undertaken to deliver his judgment on ſuch matters. Be that as it may, here are ſome of his ecſtatic exclamations in praiſe of a ſolitary life. "O deſertum Chriſti floribus vernans! O ſolitudo, in qua illi naſcuntur lapides, de quibus in Apocalypſi civitas magni Regis extruitur! O eremus familiarius Deo gaudens!" &c. &c.—The whole letter is to the ſame purpoſe, where, though the ſtile may be juvenile, the ſentiments are not at all ſo.

and

and obſervances of religious perſons, againſt the writings of whoever ventured in his time to malign either,—ſtill an Engliſhman affirms, monks are the—" moſt deſpicable beings living, both with reſpect to morals and abilities,"—and ſure no Engliſhman was ever a RASH,—CARPING,—ſpiteful,—SURLY,—*lying*, or FOUL-MOUTHED man.'

§ 7. Venerable BEDA.

'Though it does not appear from any authentic account extant, that Beda was a—"pimp,—glutton,—thief, or nun-debaucher,"—yet if a *good-natured* Engliſhman ſhall inſinuate—"all monks *without exception* muſt neceſſarily be ſuch,—"who will have the aſſurance to call in queſtion the unbiaſſed, and thoroughly informed, equity of his reprobating—"*Piſh!*" or of the briefeſt of his numerous other *ſupercilious and contemptuous interjections?*'

§ 8. *African Monks.*

'Though the diſaſterous ſtate of the once-flouriſhing African Church has been attributed by many authors,—ſome of whom are ancient and venerable ones,—to the licentious and unworthy treatment of religious men, by ſome of its profligate members, in or about the fifth and ſixth centuries,—ſtill we *generous Iſlanders*,—who are fond of ſuch as ſtrike *home-blows*, beſtow our bleſſings and *hearty* commendations,—of which at other times we are not very laviſh, on the aforeſaid monk-ſcorners and SWEATERS;—having unanimouſly reſolved, in our *Robin hood* *, *Beef-ſteak* †, Boldero,

* A noted tavern, where a ſet of people, moſtly illiterate mechanics, aſſemble once a week, who, under pretence of diſcuſſing moral and political queſtions, belch forth, over their porter pots, the crudeſt blaſphemies, and ſtupideſt ſedition.

† At a meeting of Lords and Gentlemen, held under the above name, was read, and heard with applauſe, a pamphlet intitled an "Eſſay on Woman," one of the obſceneſt and moſt blaſphemous books ever written. Mr. *Wilkes*, once Lord-mayor of London, and now Member of Parliament for Middleſex, who, though not

Boldero ‡, *Franciſcan* *, and *Mohawk* clubs, our *Devil-taverns*, *Bear-gardens*, and other *hell-fire* ſocieties †,—that it were much better

not author of the poem, yet wrote notes on, and cauſed ſeveral copies of it to be printed, was, it is true, expelled the houſe of Commons for this, and other enormities, ſince which he underwent alſo ſome other puniſhments, but very inadequate to his guilt.

‡ A noiſy, drunken club in the Hay-market, Weſtminſter, remarkable, among other irregularities, for very filthy practices on the admiſſion of a member into their boiſterous fraternity.

* The club of Franciſcan friars was a late convivial meeting of Engliſh Noblemen and Gentlemen, whoſe particular motives of aſſembling, next to that of eating and drinking ſumptuouſly, is ſaid to have been, in order to burleſque the rites and myſteries of the majority of Chriſtians in general, particularly thoſe of the moſt holy Roman Church. To this ſociety of men, who have judged themſelves unworthy of everlaſting life, common fame aſcribes, among other enormities, if not the invention, at leaſt the frequent uſe, of the following horrible parody;

"*Omnipotens, ſempiterne Bacche,*
qui tuorum corda fidelium donis tuis lætificas, concede propitius, ut qui heſternis poculis ægroti facti ſumus, hodiernis curemur,—per omnia pocula poculorum. Amen."

† The abominations of many meetings lately held in different parts of England, under that denomination, are

ter Egypt, together with Barbary and its environs, ſhould teem with Santons and Dervices, or even with crocodiles, tygers, leopards, hyænas, or huge ſerpents, than afford an unmoleſted habitation to a ſingle—" ſty of naſty Romiſh friars."

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§ 9. Saint JOHN the Alms-giver.

'Tho' that moſt humble and holy Patriarch of Alexandria, John the Alms-giver, the greateſt benefactor to the poor we any where

no way problematical. Periodical and other Engliſh authors in the preſent century, mention the impieties committed at ſaid diabolical conventicles; and, to do the writers juſtice, commonly inveigh againſt them.—As for the *Mohawk* fraternity, we hear nothing of it ſince the Spectator's days. If it ſurvived for any conſiderable time the ridicule with which it was attacked by the authors of that performance, the ſuperior flagitiouſneſs of the *hell-fire clubs*, (now aboliſhed by government) cauſed it to be overlooked, and to ſink by degrees into thorough oblivion. So great, however, is the propenſity of the abandoned Engliſh nation to ſport with matters, which are objects of ſerious awe to all devout, or even decent and reflecting Chriſtians, that a ſociety, under the title of *Pandemonium*, STILL EXISTS, and is held at the *Devil-tavern*.

read

read of, whom perhaps no one—no, not even in England, has hitherto ſpoken of otherwiſe, than with reſpect and affection,—always treated—"fanatical *and deſpicable monks" with particular conſideration and tenderneſs †, —admired

* *Stillingfleet* (not to mention at leaſt ſeventy or eighty other Authors of note) is perpetually calling the inſtitutors of Monaſtic ſocieties—*fanatics*.

† "Semper quidem *honorabat* Monachicum ſchema ſanctus hic, (Johannes) et colebat et compatiebatur, ubi maxime aſpiciebat monachum corporalibus utilitatibus anguſtatum. Habebat autem et hoc ſuper multos præcipuum, quia accuſationem qualemcumque, ſive mendacem ſive veracem, non ſuſcipiebat contra aliquem circumamictum Monachico habitu."—Here Biſhop *Leontius*, author of the Saint's life, relates a remarkable incident, which produced in the Primate a reſolution of not crediting appearances, when they ſeemed inconſiſtent with the vows of thoſe who bore the ſacred habit. For having once, miſled by certain external circumſtances, entertained an unfavourable opinion of a virtuous Monk, and being ſeverely reproved for his raſhneſs in a viſion, he determined never more to liſten to any accuſation, brought againſt perſons of that holy profeſſion, but remit all ſuch buſineſs to God's tribunal. The Biographer, having mentioned at large how the Patriarch had been made thoroughly ſenſible of his miſtake, in the tranſaction alluded to, proceeds thus:—"Extunc igitur plus *honorabat* et hoſpitio recipiebat Monachos, et bonos æſtimatos et malos; et ædificabat mox Xenodochium ſeorſum,

—admired their inſtitution and morals,—ſought and loved their converſation,—we Engliſh, whom the *clear*, *ſettled*, and *glowing* air of our country have rendered incomparably more quick-ſighted than other mortals, can eaſily account for the good man's partiality, in favour of them "inſinuating varlets." The caſe was *exactly* thus;—"pick-pocket friars," hearing much of the worthy prelate's liberality, and ſoon diſcovering his "weak ſide," at which they are "uncommonly expert," immediately "put on long ſanctified faces," and came to him in "ſhoals," from all parts. Having, by means of their own "hypocritical canting," and through his unſuſpicious generoſity of temper,—"wriggled themſelves" ſhortly into his good graces, they enjoyed a "bleſſed time of it."—He, and all he could command, became at their diſpoſal.—It was only aſk and have with them. The very counterpane which he had himſelf received

ſeorſum, et appellavit hoc receptaculum omnium Monachorum." Vit. Joan. Eleem. cap. 23, Interpret. Anaſtaſ. S. R. Eccleſ. Bibliothec.—vide quoq. cap. 44.

as

as a preſent, and which he lay under only one night, and even then without ſleeping a wink, "he could not reſt until he gave them;" becauſe he ſaw them caſt a "wiſtful look" at it when brought in from the "kitchen," where they had been—"ſmelling about to know what was for dinner." Notwithſtanding this facility in him, together with their having long been trained up to—"ſturdy beggary,"—ſtill their innate predilection towards—"pelfering" ſurmounted in them the deſire of poſſeſſing themſelves any other way, of whatever they laid their—"inſatiable eyes on."—No day paſſed but ſomething was miſſing, yet John would never ſuffer—"theſe good ſervants of the Lord"—to be ſuſpected.—While every one in the houſe was frequently obliged to clear himſelf upon oath of whatever had been loſt,—the being of the order of Saint Antony, or Saint Baſil, or of ſome other "half-witted Monkiſh founder"—exempted in the ſimple biſhop's eyes theſe—"raggamuffin paraſites" from all ſuſpicion.—Nay, they might

might walk off with his breeches from his backside, and he would impute the robbery to the Devil, in the shape of Monks,—not to Monks themselves.—In short, they at last practised—"their villainies" in so barefaced a manner, that they used to carry away,—before the faces of several *creditable English* witnesses,—under their "long habits," every thing —(for nothing ever proves too hot or too heavy for them)—"their nimble fingers could lay hold of."

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§ 10 Saint JOHN CLIMACUS.

'*Andilly* says, the hermit Climacus's book (in translating which that Frenchman, aided by the Manuscript Commentaries of *Elias* Archbishop of Crete, succeeded so well) had been oftener transcribed before the discovery of printing, than the writings of any other Greek father.—On this we remark in *plain English*—that, admitting the fact to be true,

true, ſuch extraordinary pains taken, to multiply copies of the—" bigotted fellow's traſh," will only ſerve to convince us of the—" wretched taſte" of the tranſcribers, or of thoſe, who, by their prepoſterous deſire of peruſing ſuch a penance-recommending, horror-creating, ſtarve-gut performance, occaſioned Copies of it to multiply ſo faſt. For ſurely John Climacus, or John Ladder, or rather John "Fanatic" having been a —" notorious Monk," as even his earlieſt biographer, *Daniel*, the humble, every where owns, it follows, according to the firſt principle of *Engliſh Logic*, that his writings can be nothing but—" monkiſh ſtuff and nonſenſe." And to make all England ſenſible what—" an aſs"—this Ladder-man really was, we need only give the ſubſtance of one of his falſely called edifying ſtories.—He tells us, that viſiting a certain Monaſtery, he obſerved among the Friars one Abacyrus, whom the reſt of the convent often treated with much harſhneſs, inſomuch that the very ſervants uſed to drive him from the Table. On obſerving this uſage,

Climacus

Climacus ſays he addreſſed him, demanding why he was driven daily from Table, and obliged ſometimes to go to bed ſupperleſs? To which Abacyrus replied, Belive me, father, the motive of my ſuperiors acting, in the manner you ſpeak of, is, to make trial, whether I am deſirous of becoming a Monk: which motive of theirs I being no ſtranger to, endure every thing with the utmoſt alacrity, and ſo have done theſe fifteen years: for on my entering the Monaſtery, they told me, it was the cuſtom there, to make the ſtate of probation laſt 30 years. And this proceeding, father John, I deem well judged; as gold is not held good until it has been aſſayed. The excellent Abacyrus, continues our narrator, departed to the Lord, in the ſame Monaſtery, the ſecond year after my arrival; and, being on the point of death, he told the fathers, he thanked God and them for having tempted him continually: for it is, added he, to that meaſure I aſcribe my having remained hitherto unattacked by the Devils.

Such

'Such is the ſubſtance of this woful tale, which is told by the — "crazy narrator" with ſo much eſteem of the —"dull tool," whom he choſe for the hero of it. Surely, whatever Engliſhman, on perceiving the abject conduct of Abacyrus related as an object of approbation, does not inſtantly judge the narrator worthy of every *opprobrious name* or epithet our language will afford, is curſed with a tongue, ſpleen, heart and ſtomach very different from the reſt of his Countrymen.—— Abacyrus goes into a convent:——"more ſhame for him."—He obeys the ſuperiors eſtabliſhed there, even when they appear to treat him harſhly.—"What a beaſt of burthen!" Is not this the moſt unworthy "paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance imaginable?"—Superiors forſooth! There are no Superiors in the Creation. And if there be men, who are indulged with titles expreſſive of authority, —the titles may be left them; but all power ſhould be abſolutely withdrawn. Let ſome ſorry fellow be called King, if the name flat-

ters him, but let his commands, inſtead of being obeyed, be always judged, cenſured, —and ſhould he perſiſt in inſiſting on a compliance with them,— they and their author are to be reſiſted, ſpurned, and puniſhed. The ſame is to be underſtood of Diets, Senates, Parliaments, Biſhops and Councils. A real Engliſhman ſhould obey no one, — no not even יהוה, notwithſtanding his twelve and forty two-lettered names. Let then the laſt mentioned Being, if he has a mind to be attended to, when he recommends it to thoſe who are curſed to bleſs the perſons from whom they received that treatment ;——to thoſe who are perſecuted, to pray for their perſecutors ;—to thoſe who are ſtripped of one part of their cloathing, to give away another alſo ; —to thoſe ſtruck on one cheek, to turn the other ;—to all—to watch, to pray, and bear —" popiſh croſſes" on their ſhoulders. If, I ſay, he expects theſe precepts, or counſels, or whatever they are, ſhould be complied with, —he has ſure too much ſenſe, to form ſuch an

expectation

expectation from Engliſhmen, as he is old enough to know, that, had he five thouſand names, inſtead of ſeventy, and each of theſe names as tremendous and full of myſteries, as Jews and Papiſts pretend the four-lettered one is, he is to expect no obedience in this—"free country," when he commands things like the above.—But let us return to the doughty Abacyrus.—He is, according to Climacus, driven from the table, and obliged to go to bed ſupperleſs; and this, we are informed, he endured without *murmuring*. Here we have as—"groſs a lie," as was ever told by a—"ſly friar." Certainly when—"good-man bald pate" was relating the foregoing particulars of his ſheepiſh hero's life, he never flattered himſelf a South Britain would—"ſwallow" that part of it, where he ſuppoſes the poſſibility of a man's going to ſleep on an empty ſtomach,—"Dormire incœnatum," quoth-a;—for thoſe are the words in the Latin, with which the Greek original exactly correſponds. Judge, my countrymen, what

credit "an impoſtor" merits in other narration, who tells, not in his uſual obſcure way, but in the plaineſt terms, that a man actually went to reſt, without having eat a hearty ſupper within two minutes and four ſeconds before. —Whoever believes this muſt, I am ſure, be a—"papiſt with a witneſs," or a Frenchman, Italian, Spaniard, or a man of ſome other country, beſides England. To conclude with another obſervation on this deſpicable ſtory.—Its author adds, that Abacyrus, when dying, thanked the Monaſtic fathers, for having treated him in the above rigorous manner; and imputed to their uſage the little moleſtation he had met with from the Devil. —"O ſenſeleſs conceit!" Had all the Devils in hell been let looſe againſt him, what could they make him ſuffer worſe, than oblige him, to *obey his Superiors*;—to refrain from *abuſing* them and compel him—(mark the—"unrelenting and bloody ſpirit of popery") to go to bed ſupperleſs?—From ſuch monaſtic indulgence ever defend us Engliſhmen, O Lord.

Send

Send a legion of Devils, or if you think that not enough, cauſe each of us to be poſſeſſed to eternity by the departed Spirit of a—*Jeſuit*, rather than oblige us for a ſingle day to abſtain from *traducing our Superiors*, and eating, at leaſt *four hearty meals*."

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§ 11. Cardinal BELLARMIN.

"One might at firſt be apt to think Bellarmin, though a monk,—and, according to us, "of the worſt ſort," to wit a Jeſuit,—underſtood languages, and was no ſtranger to ſubtil argumentation. It is even ſaid, he was mad enough to pretend to—"common underſtanding," and that the Court of Rome, which is ſeldom compoſed *altogether* of—*driveling ideots*, —thought him not only an able writer, but a keen negotiator alſo.—But ſuch as have been fortunate enough to enjoy the refined and

learned converſation of Londoners for any time, are ſenſible, the above repreſentation is entirely erroneous.—They know that the writings of ALL Monks (—if any of them have really learned to read or write) are—"below contempt," that none but the moſt uninformed or ſottiſh mob would deem any Monkiſh publication worthy of being attended to in the leaſt, much leſs of being refuted; and that if King *James* the firſt, *Whitaker*, *Andrews*, *Gordon*, one of the Salters-hall gentry, and ſo many other Engliſhmen have, either profeſſedly or occaſionally, honored Bellarmin's—"flimſy traſh,"—with elaborate replies,—it was abſolutely needleſs, the fellow having been—"a notorious papiſt, and an *Atheiſt*,—and a foreigner,—and a Jeſuit,—and a popiſh emiſſary,—and a Maſs prieſt,—and a ſkulking Mountebank friar,—and a king-killing, cut-throat traitor,—and nephew to one of Pope Joan's ſucceſſors,—and a Scarlet

let Babylonion *Whore* of a Cardinal;*"—and for theſe *weighty* and *unanſwerable* REASONS,—"an illiterate, ſenſeleſs, debauched raſcal," below the notice of any creditable and well-informed Britiſh writer.'

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§ 12. MABILLON, with other ancient and modern monks.

'Though *Mabillon* is ſaid to have been a man of inoffenſive converſation, and moſt univerſal erudition,—a great critic and antiquarian, as was *Montfaucon*, another Benedictin, in the preſent century,—ſtill,—evil

* Of Perſons inveſted with this Dignity, a *good-natured* pſeudonymous Engliſh author delivers his judgment in the following courtly language: "I muſt tell you for your comfort beforehand, that (among the Cardinals) you'll find *ne'er a barrel better Herring*, but *like maſter like man*; like head like members; and thoſe as bad *as bad can be*; nay, which is *worſt of all*, 'tis a STARK SHAME, that there is no *ſhame* among them." Rome's Rarities; or the Pope's Cabinet unlocked: Page 88 & 89. London, 1684. Duodecimo.

betide

betide them, " no friar ever had a *pate* to comprehend the leaſt ſhare of uſeful or polite information ;—they being ALL nothing but a canting, whining, hypocritical rabble." And as this is the aſſertion of hundreds of Engliſh and Scotch Controvertiſts, Hiſtorians, and Poets of the two laſt ages, and yet continues to be delivered, though commonly of late in more *wary and poliſhed* language, we ought to credit it immediately ; and ſhould therefore never mention the names of the two or three *Macarii*, of *John* the Egyptian, of *Ephrem*, ſo eſteemed by Saint Baſil, of *Auſtin* of Canterbury, *Caſſian*, *Jobius*, *Agapius*, *Nilus*, *Romualdus*, *Anaſtaſius* of Mount Sinai, *Antiochus* of Paleſtine, *Bernard*, any of the *Franciſes*, *Thomas* of Aquin, *Bonaventure*, *Antoninus*, *Roger Bacon*, the author of the imitation of Chriſt, *Petrucci*, *Granada*, *Denis* the Carthuſian, *Ambroſius Camaldunenſis*, *Petavius*, *Sirmondus*, *Suarez*, *Mellebranche*, *De Rance*, *Labbe*, *Bourdaloue*, *Hurdouin*, *Calmet*, or in fine of any other

other ancient or modern monk,—but with the *utmoſt ſcorn* *,—the moſt frantic contumely,—and teeth-gnaſhing *abhorrence*.'

CHAP.

* Thus Mr. *Beattie*, whoſe proſe work is much eſteemed in England on various accounts, has lately dragged in two of the moſt enlightened among the ſons of men, and who lived and died in the ſtrict obſervance of Monaſtic diſcipline, in order only to villify them. For, blinded by the Demon of arrogance, and not permitted to ſee how *infinitely* Saint *Thomas*, and even *Saurez*, were his ſuperiors in the intellectual powers, as they had alſo been in family, fame, and virtue, he ſpeakes of them, in the tenth page of his introduction, in the following aſtoniſhingly preſumptuous manner: "Let him (a verbal diſputant) not intrude upon the company of men of ſcience; but repoſe with his brethren Aquinas and Suarez, in the *corner* of ſome Gothic cloiſter, *dark as his underſtanding, and cold as his heart*." I ſhall however tell this writer a fact, which, though it may not appear calculated to teach him breeding or modeſty, in which many proteſtant authors think him extremely deficient, will certainly make him more cautious, in advancing palpable falſehoods for the future. Let him then underſtand, that Aquinas is not confined to—"*the corner of ſome Gothic cloiſter*;" but that he is placed in the moſt conſpicuous parts of ſome of the moſt ſumptuous and elegant edifices in the world. His numerous publications are peruſed, ſtudied, and reverenced, in the greater number of literary ſeminaries diſperſed through Europe. Some hundred thouſands of laymen, inferior Clergy, and dignified Prieſts, who never heard

of

CHAP. V.

Monkiſh virtues — abject vices, according to Engliſh Candor *and* Good-nature.

"To ſuch an height ought our averſion for Monks aſcend, that we ſhould talk diſdainfully of the very virtues they—"ſeem" to cul-

of a *Minſtrel*, read them for information and edification. They are daily, or at leaſt weekly, conſulted by Biſhops, Arch-biſhops, Primates, Patriarchs, and Cardinals. Popes, who are Sovereign Princes, and who,—were Mr. Beattie to burſt with vexation at hearing it—enjoy STILL conſiderable influence, through ſeveral large diviſions of the earth, from China to Mexico,—which influence is likely to continue long much the ſame as at preſent, in ſpite of any thing Mr. Beattie or the College of Aberdeen can do to deminiſh it—theſe Popes have very frequently ſtamped the works of St. Thomas with the ſignet of their authority. Nay, there are very few regions of the Globe, where the Goſpel has been preached, that are not alſo acquainted with the books which Aquinas wrote, in memory of Jeſus Chriſt. Theſe things, Mr. Beattie, are literally as I now briefly ſtated them; ſo that when you ſpoke of Aquinas's being configned to "*the corner of ſome Gothic cloiſter*," you ſpoke according to your wiſhes, (for, as you well remark, "we are prone to believe what we wiſh to be true")—not in conformity to what has *actually* happened.

tivate

tivate moſt aſſiduouſly. Though it has not been our cuſtom, on other occaſions, to ſlight virtues *in ſpeculation*, and when only mentioned in *general* terms, yet if there be any particularly recommended in the rules of friars, this ſingle conſideration is ſufficient to render the very names of ſuch virtues abominable to us.—For which reaſon, Mr. *Hume* (not to ſpeak of many of our other authors, who uſe a like expreſſion) was thoroughly right, when he delivered himſelf in an undervaluing manner, with reſpect to *obedience*, *chaſtity*, *humility*, &c. and contemptuouſly called them—"MONKISH VIRTUES." *Chaſtity*, in particular, is of ſo little eſtimation, in this *fier Ecoſſois's* ſight, that he vents his ill-humour againſt it, on the firſt perſon remarkable for that—"monkiſh virtue"—who chanced to occur to his remembrance. And that happening to be the (as a *really* good natured man would think) before *ſufficiently* afflicted Job, this holy perſonage is, notwithſtanding all he had ſuffered of that nature

in

in his life-time, obliged to endure a-new Mr. Hume's bitter, but no doubt well founded, mockery, who was galled to the quick, becauſe the aforeſaid man of ſorrows, Job, in order to comfort himſelf in his calamities, but not, I am certain, with the leaſt intention, of offering the ſlighteſt *perſonal* offence to Mr. Hume, proteſted he had formerly, while in health and affluence, "*made a covenant with his eyes*;"* that,

* Job is not, thank God, altogether deſtitute of perſons to coincide with him, in the utility of reſtraining laſcivious glances, *deſpicable* as ſuch caution may appear to Mr. Hume: and it were well for the world, had the great patriarch's forbearance, in that reſpect, more imitators. Then, perhaps, we ſhould never have heard of the many melancholy tragedies, occaſioned by a contrary proceeding. Helen's lubricity, Tarquin's outrage, Appius's weakneſs, Henry the eighth's unbridled luſt, would not have filled the earth with ſo many calamities. Solomon would have retained his prudence, David his integrity, Ruben his principality, and Sampſon his eyes;—eyes which he loſt ſolely, becauſe he had neglected to enter into this derided *Fobian covenant with them*. Our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, who knew, as well as any modern, *word-abuſing* eſſayiſt, "what was in man," applauds Job's precaution indirectly, when he mentions the criminality of looking at a woman with deſiring eyes. Theſe are the members at which Jeremiah ſays death enters; which St. Peter tells us are full of adultery; which Saint *Baſil* terms bawds of luſt;

Pope

that, by reſtraining the unneceſſary, and, in the warm country he inhabited, peculiarly dangerous excurſions of this ſenſe, virginal beauty might leſs occupy the thoughts of one like him, who moreover was perhaps already married, and had children by a lawful wife. The making a covenant with one's *eyes*, PEN, or TONGUE ſounds, it is true, very oddly in *Engliſh*; yet it is extremely probable Mr. Hume would have permitted the phraſe to paſs *unſneered at*, were it not,—(but this motive ſhould be carefully concealed) that it brought Job, and his—"monkiſh virtues," too nearly into view, than which nothing can be more mortifying; there not exiſting, according to Moraliſts, within the boundaries of Creation, a more hideous ſight to a *vain diſcourſer* about virtue, than that of a *real*

Pope Saint *Gregory*, draggers of men to ſin; Saint *Cyprian*, deſtroyers of chaſtity; Saint *Antony of Padua*, robbers that ſteal the ſoul. I am ſenſible theſe authorities, *becauſe* taken from Chriſt and his followers, will be contemned by Mr. Hume. But I believe no one will aſſert, that what Mr. Hume deſpiſes, muſt *neceſſarily* be deſpicable.

practiſer

practiſer of it. Nor is it Chaſtity alone which merits to be reviled on account of Monks—"pretending" to the practice of it; *humility*, the foundation of Chriſtian perfection, ſhould, for the ſame reaſon, eſcape no better. Let no—"popiſh tool" repreſent, after them—"curious head-pieces" called *fathers*, that the laſt-mentioned virtue is recommended, either directly or indirectly, in every page of Scripture, but eſpecially of the new teſtament, where we read how the moſt high God, taking the form—not of a *free* Engliſhman—but of a meek ſlave, came into the world to pay taxes, to the impoſing of which he had neither conſented perſonally, nor by his repreſentatives:—to ſuffer various kinds of ill-treatment from the rulers of his country, without threatening, on every occaſion, to take up arms againſt them, and without, in the mean time, rendering, through his eternal bawling and ſedition, their lives, burthenſome to them; and at length to ſuffer himſelf to be condemned to death by, without his challenging

challenging one of, them.—That, according to the ſame early teachers, it is vain for us to expect, we ſhall be ever able to raiſe a lofty ſtructure of virtue, unleſs we previouſly lay a deep foundation of humility;—That, as an orator declared, ſuitable geſture to be the firſt, ſecond, and third chief requiſite to form an excellent public ſpeaker; ſo we may affirm, humility to be the firſt, ſecond, and third moſt eſſential quality for a Chriſtian.—That, in ſhort, without humility, even the Virginity of the mother of God, would have been of little worth in the Divine preſence.

'We anſwer, after begging the great Chriſtian virtues ſhould never be ſpoken of too minutely and feelingly, as is the practice of—"canting, paſſion-moving preachers in Romiſh ſtates," by proteſting, that *humility* may have its merit, for aught we know to the contrary. That we have no objection to it in ſpeculation, no, nor (it being no *Scotch commodity*) even in practice, provided we receive a papal diſpen-

ſation by a—"roaring bull *," for the non-obſervance of it, towards our raſcally kings and their miniſters, who, receiving their daily bread from us, ſhould not preſume to think themſelves our ſuperiors:—and that laſtly, if we ſometimes, abuſed it,—as what have we not?—we were not actuated, at ſuch times, by averſion to humility, conſidered in itſelf, but conſidered as forming one of the "*monkiſh virtues.*"

* Hiſt. of the Damnable popiſh plot—Tale of a Tub, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The light in which Monarchs, however respected before, who became friars, have been, and even still are, held in England. Were Jesus Christ to embrace a Monastic life, he must expect no quarter from an Englishman's tongue and pen.

'THE many kings, or heirs apparent to kings, who quitted their thrones, or relinquished the expectation of reigning, to become monks, or hermits, even such of them as have been English or Irishmen, were, let *Platus* say what he will to the contrary *,—ALL—"light-headed,—priest-ridden, and religiously mad," when they did so—To require *proof* of this general assertion would be very impudent, as well as—" superstitious," and would discover

* In his treatise de bono Stat. Relig. passim.

whoever called for reaſons, on ſo evident a matter, to be himſelf a—" ſenſeleſs bigot,—a Jeſuit in diſguiſe, and an enthuſiaſtic, bread-worſhipping, God-ſwallowing papiſt."

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§ 1 *Lewis the Fifteenth's daughter.*

'If the reigning king of France's (or rather the *French king's*) aunt became a nun, in a convent of very ſtrict obſervance,—who in England does not know *extremely well*, it MUST have been owing to the fallacious b——h's having been diſappointed in love? And what *good-natured Engliſhman* is not likewiſe thoroughly convinced ſhe will begin next week, *without fail*, to admit—" half a dozen male Carmelites," if not as many Muſketeers, to comfort her, at night, for the flagellations ſhe may have diſciplined, partly the wall, and partly her back, with in the day?'

§ 2

§ 2. The Emperor *Charles the Fifth.*

'Whatever degree of underſtanding the politic Emperor Charles the fifth poſſeſſed, before he reſigned his dominions, and—"dwindled into a monk," we ſagacious Engliſh know FULL WELL, he loſt it *all* the very firſt moment he began to dream of—"ſo abſurd a deſign." Moreover, the hearts of all human creatures being as open to our unerring inſpection, as to God's, we can ſafely proteſt, Charles,—tho' his having declared any thing to that purpoſe be no where *proved*,—"repented what he had done, before many hours were elapſed," and that, recovering his ſenſes a little,—"he died broken-hearted, on account of the *egregious folly* he had committed," in becomming a beggarly friar.'

§ 3. *Queen Chriſtina.*

'When queen Chriſtina gave up her crown, declared herſelf a—"wafer-adoring,—image-kiſſing papiſt;" and journeyed to Rome, to embrace—"old infallible's toe."—What London Common-council-man is ſo groſs-witted, as not to ſee through her deſign at once;—which was that, by reſiding in a more genial and glowing air than her own, ſhe might thereby add another ſtimulus to her already raging luſt, and have better opportunities of ſatiating it, if poſſible, with the daily-invented refinements of Italian libidiniſm?'

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§ 4. *King James the Second.*

'Oh! what an—"incorrigible dunce," what an "abject-minded" ſlave was the late king James the Second, to—"ABDICATE" three

three kingdoms for a Maſs! It is indeed noble in a man to expoſe his life or property, in defence of his friend or country; but to riſk either through the love of God, is—" *arrant nonſenſe*, and down-right POVERTY OF SPIRIT." Admitting it poſſible, the laſt-mentioned prince was—" ſtupid" enough, to belive the *idolatrous* and *monſtrous* tenets of popery," —to reſpect the—" *farcical mummery* of its rites,"—and, deluded by the cozenage of —" Jeſuits and other wicked perſons,"—to fancy it the only ſaving faith, yet why did he not, like his brother, conceal them—" unfortunate ſentiments," until his death.

'If any one ſhould anſwer, that his conduct in the above particular was very apparently an effect of his apprehenſion of the uncertain iſſue of a death-bed repentance, united to a dread of being reprobated by the Lord the laſt day, for not having confeſſed him before men,—Does not this explication of his motives argue him a—" moſt unkingly coward?" What true-born Engliſh Gentleman ever betrayed

trayed the leaſt fear of *damnation** ;—ever manifeſted any concern about the judgment God or angels may now or hereafter paſs on his actions? No;—he *puts himſelf upon good and true men* in his own country, and has nothing to do with a God or angels, altogether unknown in his ſhire.

'To reſpect the cenſure of a perſon's neighbours to a certain degree is not deſpicable timidity, but *proper ſenſibility* and *reaſonable attention* to one's honour and character. But to feel the leaſt anxiety, about the future good or bad opinion of the Divinity is—"ſneaking,—whining,—breaſt-knocking,—peccavia-cry-

* No polite high church *predicant* has theſe forty years once ventured to mention the word *damnation*, in his chair of peſtilence, that ſin-checking expreſſion, together with the bare-faced naming of *hell*,—*eternal* ſeparation from the ſociety of God and the Righteous,—miſery without end,—everlaſting fire, &c. &c. being in this age deemed unſufferably fanatical and vulgar. So that the ſuppreſſion Mr. *Pope* ridiculed, as ſomewhat ſingular in his time, is now become univerſal, among courtly miniſters, though they do not aſſign ſo ludicrous a reaſon for it, as the chaplain had done, whom he and his annotator allude to.

ing,

ing, penance-performing, — degeneracy-inſpiring popery, in all its gloomy horrors."

'Should it be urged, that James's making a public declaration of his ſentiments, however unfaſhionable and obnoxious they were become, in the opinion of his mutable minded ſubjects, was upright, firm, and manly;—and that, at leaſt, this his undiſguiſed openneſs of behaviour merits ſome commendation.—We reply,—that unwhiffling, untrimming, ſincere dealing is certainly to be applauded, on every occaſion, unleſs when adhered to on a religious account. In this laſt caſe, however, it is not only—"narrow-minded," but even "intolerably baſe." Wherefore I boldly pronounce *Juvenal's* Criſpus, who never ſtrove againſt the popular ſtream, to have been more worthy of praiſe than James, and, by a parity of reaſoning, than even the ancient Jewiſh Prophets, than John the Baptiſt, Stephen, Lawrence, or whoever elſe MEANLY relinquiſhed or riſked any temporal advantage, for that—"ſtupidity"

termed

termed *true belief*. It is in this caſe, and this alone, we utterly deſpiſe the *libera verba proferre*, and the—*vitam impendere vero*.

'If then one aſpires to an *unbiaſſed, equitably-judging, religious Engliſhman's* approbation, let him profeſs himſelf as extreme a lover of ſome woman as were *Sichem, Leander, Mark Antony, Abelard, Petrarch*, or *Da Corſi*:—as indefatigable in the purſuit of fame, as Conquerors, Poets, Grammarians, and other literary perſons.—Let him talk in the moſt rapturous ſtrains, of liberty and his country.—Let his friendly attachment to ſome perſon be without bounds. But let him above all things beware, of any declarations of zeal for religion,—of diſcovering the *leaſt* ſymptom of love, towards his Creator, or Redeemer. The former paſſions are generous,—are honourable,—are great; and, if ſomewhat exceſſive, or blended with a few tinctures of weakneſs,—they are the weakneſſes of elevated ſpirits,—the trivial inequalities of towering ſouls, and the tranſitory eclypſes of glorious luminaries:

—whereas

—whereas uncommon emotions of zeal, or ardent profeſſions of regard for ſupernatural objects, are ſenſations—"paltry and groveling," in a high degree. And thoſe who are affected with, or actuated by, ſuch—"ridiculous feelings," and who, in imitation of all the Apoſtles, and many of their ſucceſſors, give teſtimonies of theſe "mad affections," even to the hazard and loſs of their lives, are not only devoid of every atom of ſound judgment, but are alſo the moſt—"*creeping*,—*flaviſh*,—*vile*" mortals exiſting; and reflect indelible diſgrace on their whole ſpecies.

"To ſay one ſhould bear witneſs to the *truth*, if any truth, nearly or remotely connected with religion, be meant, is—"unintelligible jargon."—But to becomean undiſguiſed and intrepid champion, for a democratical or mixed government, like *Ruſſel*, *Sidney*, *Harrington*, *Mrs. Macauley*, and many others:—to bawl out inceſſantly for the redreſs of imaginary political grievances; to cavil perpetually

at all the king and his minister's measures:—these are the summits of gallant resolution—All this is rationality, cool, deep, and consequential reflection,—in short every thing that is respectable, in the highest perfection.—In a word, though one's honour or country may *always* claim a manly, unskulking openness to be used, when their interests are concerned, and may even *sometimes* justly require our laying down our lives in their defence; yet God or the welfare of religion have no right to demand any such behaviour, especially the last-mentioned sacrifice. And to offer it, *in any possible case*, is an act, neither deriving its origin from generosity or valour, but is a mishapen brat, begot on—"*degeneracy of heart, by crack-brained superstition.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

To express affection for any animate or inanimate thing is pardonable in English company, *provided no words are dropped among them, indicating much reverential tenderness towards the supreme Being, and the moral precepts of his old and new Testament.*

'A MAN's declaring gravely he *loves* turtle, venison, or any other food, may perhaps argue him a person of coarse and neglected education. Yet, how indelicately soever he may have applied the word *love*, there is after all nothing intolerably unreasonable, or highly ridiculous, either in the sentiment or expression; nor has the most finished gentleman cause to strange mightily thereat, as he is himself probably not unacquainted with sensations of that or a like nature, thoroughly

ſenſible as he may be, of the impropriety of mentioning them. This circumſtance duly conſidered, let no one, in the name of candor, labor by ſarcaſtic deriſion to put a perſon out of countenance, for ingenuouſly, though ſomewhat vulgarly, manifeſting emotions felt by moſt people, however cautiouſly concealed by the poliſhed, and ſhrewd.—But ſhould any "lunatic" dare, whether in good or bad company, and were it only *en paſſant*, and by three or four monoſyllables, hint ſeriouſly, he—*loves God*; or that the Lord ought to be *ſerved and loved*—ſpare him not, *good-natured* Britons. Such a fellow is of all ſavages the moſt ſavage. How dare the impudent villain touch upon any ſuch *ſtupidity*, before—Engliſhmen,—were it only in two monoſyllables? Love God, quotha!—Had the wretch expreſſed in a few words his diſapprobation of libidiniſm and inebriety, becauſe exceſſes of ſuch a nature are generally *detrimental to one's health*,—and often a *cheapening, or degrading of one's character*, this would have been

been tolerable enough. Thus far have *Cheſterfield* and other polite men gone. There is even no great harm in obſerving, that *ſwearing* is a *vice* as unprofitable as it is ungenteel: though had *habit* been ſubſtituted, in lieu of the *pulpit-ſavouring* word vice, the ſentence would, for many reaſons, be much leſs exceptionable. But to cenſure the foregoing or ſuch like crimes, on account of their entire oppoſition to—*the pure law of our ever-adorable Redeemer*,—he who preſumed muttering even ſo much, in the Engliſh language, within the realm of Great-Britain, merits to be kicked from one end of the iſland to the other, and thence tranſported immediately out of the kingdom, leſt he ſhould corrupt and vulgarize it. Moreover, he ſhould, on his departure, be ſcoffingly deſired to complain to his—*adorable Redeemer*, of the treatment he ſuffered, for barely mentioning his name, in a *reverential manner* before—*reformed Engliſhmen*.

'Should you, neighbours, ever have the misfortune to be in company, when any monſter lets ſlip a barbarous ſentiment like the above, aid one another to mock him. Were the ſociety, where he chanced to drop ſuch a galling abſurdity, compoſed of two hundred perſons, let each individual have his fling at him.—Whoever ſhews an inclination to ſpare him is no true-born Briton.—Unite therefore all you men, women, and boys, to attack him.—Train up your children from the earlieſt age, to torture this audacious foe.—Let your envenomed arrows meet each other in the vitals of this common enemy.—Suffer not, in the mean time, your utterance to be choaked up by rage and abhorrence. Sharpen your tongues, and ſtrike him; but ſtrike ſlowly, deeply, and in various places.—Though perhaps he did not let fall ſix words on the foregoing obnoxious ſubject, be ſure, by a bitter exaggeration, to call it *preaching*.—Inſinuate tartly, his—*ſermon* excelled that delivered on a ſolemn occaſion, by Dean ſuch-a-one,

one, when last you were at church, that is about—*twenty-five years ago.*—Observe sneeringly, that, from the specimen of—"Canonical zeal," he has just given, you think him amply entitled to at least a stall at Windsor, or a bishopric in Ireland; that, while he was speaking, you fancied him the very Paul of Raphael,—"holding forth," before the Areopagi;—nay, that in him you beheld another Abraham,—*un veritable ami du bon Dieu.*

'By speaking of God and his law, in a reverential or affectionate manner, he has, for certain reasons too tedious to mention, caused you uneasiness. Wherefore,—without seeming vexed, at having been compelled to enter for a moment into yourselves, and sigh involuntarily, on account of *neglected duties*,—*revenge* five hundred-fold the transitory *self-condemnation* he has been the occasion of.—"Smoke him," as a—"sermonizing parson."—Mortify him by every rancorous taunt, and overwhelming insult possible.—Endeavour to harrow up his soul with grief.—Make the

little

little word of the Lord, which, at the time of uttering it, he felt so sweet in his mouth, become through your acid injections, very bitter in his stomach.—Enjoy the satisfaction of hearing him, when drunk and reeling with the mixture of wine, vinegar, and gall you oblige him to swallow in large draughts, curse the day, he unguardedly ventured to prophecy in Adonai's name, before Englishmen. —But be not satisfied with all this.—Lo! now is the favourable opportunity: the *dreamer* being fully in your power.—If he must return an account to his father, who sent him to see what you were doing, and give you a gentle, —perhaps, a last call—dismiss him not with few, or common scars.—Do not content yourselves with scourging him with half-a-dozen smart lashes of your tongues, and then sending him away.—No.—Let him, as Caligula used to say, "*feel himself dying*," inch by inch, through your often repeated bites.—Distil into his veins all the deadly poison your *hissing language* supplies so copiously,—but distil it leisurely,

leiſurely, and by intervals.—Let each of you, before he inflicts a wound, ſurvey the victim on every ſide, to diſcover where the ſting is moſt likely to cauſe him acuteſt pain—Thus ſhall the—"blockhead" be brought to underſtand, that though there are *many* occaſions, when *every* topic, whether ſerious or ludicrous, may be introduced into Britiſh ſocieties with propriety, any thing, however, bordering upon our pretended duties towards the Creator, is *always* excepted.—For this ſubject, *every time* and *every place* (unleſs perhaps on Sunday, and in church) is unſeaſonable.—Wherefore, to conclude, if your country's honor be dear to you, permit not the LEAST word or geſture, to the above purpoſe, to go unpuniſhed: the bare naming of God or our Saviour, unleſs in order to *ſwear cavalierly* by them, being the moſt heinous offence againſt common ſenſe a man can be guilty of, in—Engliſh company.

'But as for the *bon diable*, who rapturouſly profeſſed his—*love for beef and pudding*,—even let

let him escape your censure entirely, or be content with smiling at his—"*honest declaration*," in such a sort, as shall, without depressing him *too much*, reconcile you still more to yourselves, by the aforesaid simpering mark of *complacency, at your own superior refinement*.'

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Engliſhmen's ſummary, modeſt, and good-natured *way of diſproving Popiſh Miracles.*

"ADMITTING God wrought miracles formerly:—that, for inſtance, he created the world out of nothing,—brought the Hebrews, but not their purſuers, ſafe through the red ſea,—fed the ſame people in deſarts, where no ſuſtenance was before or ſince their time met with,—threw down the walls of Jericho in the manner related in the book of Joſhua; performed the multitude of other wonders recorded in the Old and New Teſtament;—ſuppoſing all this to be true,—though many of our eminent writers*, ſome of whom call themſelves

* Not to dwell on *Woolaſton, Toland, Chubb, Fleetwood, Middleton, Bolingbroke, Hume*, &c. who either deny the reality of all Miracles whatever, or uſe ſuch arguments

themſelves orthodox divines, account for theſe and all ſuch ſeeming prodigies, by *natural cauſes*,—yet, allowing every thing to have happened in the ſupernatural way, the belief of which the authors of the ſcriptureal books mean by their narratives to inculcate,—ſtill we contend, the Creator does nothing extraordinary *now*. Peter's ſhadow and part of Paul's cloathing may have done this beyond the ordinary courſe of nature, while theſe apoſtles were living, yet no ſuch events ever happened ſince their time. We are convinced —(and were that good proteſtant, Vigilantius, not Dormitantius, as your *Jerome* flatly ſtiles him, now in the world, he would readily agree

arguments againſt thoſe not recorded in Scripture, as may, for the moſt part, be with equal advantage turned againſt the prodigies in Holy Writ, of which ſome of thoſe authors pretend to be vindicators.—Mr. *Farmer*, commonly called *Kill-devil*, has publiſhed an elaborate work, where he attacks the literal and obvious ſenſe of the accounts delivered in the New Teſtament, with reſpect to certain perſons poſſeſſed by evil ſpirits, whom our Saviour is ſaid in the moſt explicit terms to have cured, by expelling the fallen angels that had troubled them.

agree with us)—that not only the ſhadows and handkerchiefs of all the ſaints in heaven, but even the fragments of their bones united together, would not now be able to raiſe a dead cat to life, nor reſtore a loſt tooth to a living one. Should it be demanded how we Engliſhmen can affirm, with ſuch *confidence*, what the Omnipotent does, and does not perform,—I anſwer, that we do affirm it,—and know it,—and it muſt be *juſt* as we think proper to declare: and this will ſure content every reaſonable man, who is not an—"abſurd*, God-creating, Popiſh miracle-monger"—in his heart.—Beſides, reaſons we have for our opinion, and reaſons in abundance, though we do not chuſe to gratify papiſts, who—

"know

* Mr. *Beattie* (an author of excellent ſenſe, powerful elocution, and poſſeſſed alſo of ſome other endowments) in his Eſſay on Truth, publiſhed for the firſt time, about ſixteen years ago, never makes mention of that ſolely prudent, wiſe, worthy, happy, and ſolely-bleſſed ſociety of men, called the Roman Catholic Church, without uniting the idea of *abſurdity* to it. This he even does *twice* in a *ſingle* page. For ſpeaking of *Mallebranche* in the ſcornful manner in which it is his

cuſtom

"know not what reaſon is," by aſſigning them. The few among us, who really and ſteadfaſtly profeſs to believe the authenticity of every narrative in both Teſtaments, judiciouſly maintain, and quote your *Auguſtin* likewiſe, in ſupport of their argument,—for we like to cite the fathers alſo, when ſeldom they appear favourable to our pretenſions,—they, I ſay, contend, that miracles were neceſſary, to evince the truth of the Chriſtian religion, in the time of the apoſtles, and their immediate ſucceſſors, but that being ſince needleſs, God, who does nothing in vain, ceaſed

cuſtom to treat his betters, he is not ſatisfied, until he diſtributes an ample portion of his inexhauſtible ſtore of contumely, on the *ancient* and *every-where-extended*, communion, of which that father had been a reſpectable member.—Hear the following ſatanically-arrogant taunts, O God, and judge between your Church and him.—"His" (Mallebranche's) "genius is ſtrangely warped by a ſuperſtitious veneration for the *abſurdities* of popery." And again a few lines lower in the SAME page.—"Fy, Mr. Mallebranche! Popery, with all its *abſurdities*," &c. Eſſay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, part II. chap. ii. ſect. 1. page 227. 4th Edit. Lond. 1773.

ceaſed

ceaſed operating any.—For,—to pun with your aforeſaid mighty Auguſtin,—whoever at preſent requires prodigies, before he aſſents to a faith the whole world has already aſſented to, is himſelf a—great prodigy. Is not, however, as *Stillingfleet's* honorable defender well obſerves,—the flouriſhing condition the proteſtant religion was in laſt century miracle enough, for all reaſonable people?

'But let us hear none of your—"jeſuitical, hair-ſplitting anſwers," purporting, that if we credit the miracles which the ancient authors, whoſe writings in part remain, or are cited by *Euſebius*, relate to have been performed by the ſucceſſors of the apoſtles, in the firſt and ſecond centuries, we ſhould credit thoſe handed down to us by the ſame, or equally good, authority, as having happened in the third and fourth. That,—to come to a few particulars,—if we admit the prodigies that happened at Smyrna at Saint *Polycarp's* martyrdom, towards the beginning, and that Saint

Narciſſus, biſhop of Jeruſalem, changed water into oil, about the end of the ſecond century, we can produce no ſufficient reaſon to diſcredit the many aſtoniſhing wonders related of *Gregory*, called from his miraculous powers Thaumaturgus, in the third.—That the ſame argument will militate, with at leaſt equal force, in favor of thoſe mentioned by Euſebius to have been effected, nearer his own time, as well as in ſupport of the many recorded, by the other early hiſtorians and biographers, *Jerome*, *Paulinus*, *Oroſius*, *Ruffinus*, *Socrates*, *Sozomen*, *Theodoret*, *Evagrius*, *Theodorus Lector*, &c. who often declare, they had themſelves been eye-witneſſes of what they relate, or received it from creditable perſons who were.—That, ſhould we unreaſonably object to the probity and competency of judgment, of ſome of the above authors, many of whom flouriſhed ſo late as towards the middle or end of the fifth century, the teſtimony of the ancient apologiſts ſhould have vaſt weight, who writing to Pagans mention theſe miraculous powers

powers among Chriſtians, as a matter ſo notorious and inconteſtible, that the Heathens were unable to diſpute the *fact*, though they often attributed ſuch ſupernatural tranſactions to magical cauſes, as *Celſus Porphiry*, *Julian*, *Voluſian* and others did all theſe our Saviour himſelf wrought,—but which theſe pagan authors, not being—*candid and good-natured* Engliſhmen, were not ſpirited enough to deny having been actually performed.—That, after diſmiſſing the three firſt centuries and a part of the fourth in this ſummary manner, becauſe ſome of our graveſt teachers do not ſcruple receiving and defending, the truth of the major part of the miraculous actions ſaid to have been performed in them by true believers, we have, you will add, leſs cauſe to heſitate about admitting the many well atteſted ones, St. Auguſtin (for whoſe underſtanding and veracity we generally profeſs greater veneration than for thoſe of any other father) enumerates in the City of God, and other works,

to have been performed, all of them, towards the concluſion of the fourth age, and to ſeveral of which he was himſelf an eye-witneſs.

'That to ſelect only two or three of the moſt remarkable and notorious ones, which happened about the period laſt mentioned,—a croud of cotemporary authors *, among whom we reckon the pagan hiſtorian Ammianus Marcellinus †, have borne witneſs to the prodigies which happened at Jeruſalem, in the reign of Julian, upon this Emperor's attempting to rebuild the Temple. That John Chryſoſtom, diſcourſing on the ſudden and miraculous ſilence of Apollo at Daphne, near Antiochia, upon the arrival of Saint Babylas Biſhop and Martyr's relics, cites his orators as eye-witneſſes to every extraordinary incident, he affirms in his eloquent homily had happened at that

* *Ruff.* lib. 10. c. 38, 39. *Socrat.* hiſt. *Sozom.* lib. 5. c. 22. *Theod.* lib. 3. cap. 27. *G. Nazianz.* orat. 2. & 4. in Julian. *Ambroſ.* epiſt. 40. *Chryſoſt.* in Judæos orat. 2. ; Ejuſd. in Matth. hom. 4.

† *Amm. Marcell.* hiſt. lib. 18.

juncture,

juncture, and at the ſubſequent tranſlation of the aforeſaid Martyr's remains of which he was himſelf, though then very young, a ſpectator *. That, intimately convinced of the truth of every circumſtance he enlarges on, he exhorts the ſame auditors to interrupt and contradict him, ſhould they imagine he advanced any thing falſe or doubtful, in treating of this wonderful event. That Julian himſelf †, (together with his pagan favourites Marcellinus ‡ and Libanius, §) confirm the ſubſtance of the ſtory: the laſt mentioned writer, in particular, aſſigning the following remarkable reaſon, for the commands the Emperor gave the Chriſtians to remove the body from Daphne, where it had been depoſited ſome time by Gallus's deſire,—in order, ſays Libanius, that Appollo, being delivered from the troubleſome neighbourhood of this

* Hom. de Sancto Babyl. in Gent.

† *Julian* in Miſopog.

‡ *Amm. Marc*, lib. 22.

§ *Liban.* Orat. 6.

dead

dead man, might be more at liberty to prophecy.—That Saint Auguſtin took great pains to inform himſelf thoroughly concerning the circumſtances of Theodoſius's miraculous victory, which not only ſo many Chriſtian hiſtorians and others * who lived at the ſame time relate, without differing from one another in any material circumſtance, but which is likewiſe confirmed, in the principal matters of fact relative to it, by the teſtimonies of the envenomed pagan *Zozimus* †, and the obſtinate heathen poet *Claudian* ‡. That nevertheleſs, the above Auguſtin, not ſatisfied with the report univerſally received, of Theodoſius's unexpected and moſt miraculous deliverance, conſulted ſeveral of Eugenius's party, who had been preſent in the engagement; by

* *Ruff.* lib. 2. *Socrat.* lib. 4. *Sozom.* lib. 7. *Oroſ.* lib. 7. *Theod.* lib. 5. *Ambroſ.* orat. in funer. *Theodoſ. Auguſt.* de Civ. Dei. lib. 5. cap. 25.—vide quoque *Baron.* ad ann. 394. 4.

† *Sozim.* lib.

‡ *Claud.* de tert. Conſul Honorii.

whom

whom the account was confirmed, with all its ſtupendous circumſtances. That, when the narration was thus rendered certain, if any thing is to be called ſo, by the concurrence of ſo many witneſſes of both armies, who told only what they had ſeen or felt, he the ſaid Auguſtin was not ſo much of a *modern philoſopher*, as to ſcruple believing and tranſmitting it to poſterity, as he does the miraculous defeat of Rhadagaiſus king of the Goths *, in order to promote the glory of that God, who did wonderful things without number—yeſterday, and will do the ſame or equally extraordinary

* "Quod noſtra memoria recentiſſimo tempore Deus *mirabiliter* et miſericorditer fecit, non cum gratiarum actione commemorant [pagani], ſed quantum in ipſis eſt, omnium, ſi fieri poteſt, hominum oblivione ſepelire conantur: quod a nobis ſi tacebitur ſimiliter erimus *ingrati*. Cum Rhadagaiſus rex Gotthorum, agmine ingenti, et immani jam in urbis vicina conſtitutus, Romanis cervicibus imminaret, uno die tanta celeritate ſic victus eſt, ut ne uno quidem extincto ſed nec vulnerato Romanorum, multo amplius quam centum millium proſterneretur ejus exercitus."

Id. cod. lib. cap. 23.

works

works—to-day and to-morrow,—for aught any infallible—Engliſhman in the world knows to the contrary.

'—That, receiving theſe and ſuch like facts on the above evidence, which is much more unexceptionable than the authority on which we do not heſitate to believe profane hiſtories, we have nothing ſolid to oppoſe to the reality of the numerous miracles related by the above Saint Auguſtin, in the laſt book of his City of God, and by our favourite Pope Saint *Gregory*, in his dialogues, many of which laſt were performed in Gregory's own illuſtrious family, and in his own time, that is, at the concluſion of the ſixth century;—ſome of which he had himſelf ſeen, and the reſt he proteſts to have for the moſt part happened publicly, and to have been told him by intelligent and pious perſons, who were ſpectators of them *.

'We

* Since the above was written, I find Mr. *Gibbon* (the able author of a large volume ſince publiſhed on the Decline and Fall of the Roman empire, who, ſo far from being

'We *good-natured* and CONSISTENT Engliſhmen ſilence at once the deliverers of all this—"traſh and nonſenſe," by telling them, we know very well what they would be at—That if we admitted all or any of the—"old womens ſtories" told in *Severus Sulpicius* and *Gregory's* dialogues, the papiſts would then inſiſt on our ſubſcribing to the truth of the multitude of miraculous cures, ſaid to have been performed,—twenty and upwards in a day, — by that notorious Romaniſt and Monk—"cruſading *Bernard*" before t Kings,

being a defender of Catholicity, or Chriſtianity, is an undiſguiſed reviler of the one, and generally reputed a ſecret enemy to the other) obliged, by the force and evidence of truth, to deliver himſelf in the following terms, which coincide ſo exactly with the argument inſiſted on through ſeveral pages of the preſent chapter. "Every age" ſays he, "I bears teſtimony to the wonderful events by which it was diſtinguiſhed, and its teſtimony appears *no leſs weighty and reſpectable* than that of the preceding generation, till we are inſenſibly led on to accuſe our own INCONSISTENCY, if in the eighth or in the twelfth century we deny to the venerable Bede, or to the holy Bernard, the *ſame degree of confidence* we had ſo liberally granted to Juſtin or to Irenæus."
Chap. 15. p. 477.

Princes,

Princes, and troops of ſpectators —We would be drawn in next to receive as Goſpel the— "ſilly tales" of *Bonaventure*, relative to his Patriarch Francis.—After that they would hawl us to liſten to Saint *Antony of Padua*— "preaching to orthodox fiſh."—The ſermon ended, and the fiſh being retired, after they had ſignified their approbation of it, by bending their heads and wagging their tails,—behold us deafened a-new with the recital of two or three hundred wonders more, recorded at large, as if performed by the letters, rags, relics, name, image, &c. of the—"odious *Ignatius*," none of which have the leaſt foundation in truth, except the one hinted in his picture at Rome, where it is honeſtly owned —"he was come to ſet the world in a flame *", —From—Knight-errant Ignatius" we ſhould be next brought to viſit his cotemporary and friend, *Philip of Neri*.—When arrived there,

* "Ignem veni mittere in terram."

they

they would insist upon our laying our frozen heretical fingers on the ribs, which, they would assure us, had been miraculously removed from their former situation in that Saint's side, to afford sufficient space for the violent agitation of his heart, with whose incessant vibrations, through the love of his Creator, not only the bed where he reposed, but the whole room in which it lay, used to be, as they would—"shamelessly affirm, in perpetual motion."—Nor would thus discovering the *perpetual motion* to us content—"credulous Romish fools," until, fearing even Philip's enflamed breast was unable to thaw our benumbed souls, they sent us strait on a—"voyage with mother *Theresa* to Hell," expecting, if permitted to come back, we would readily confess, on our return, that miracles have by no means ceased in their church.—In fine, the—"vile brood of Loyola and Hell" would—

"Tell how blest Virgin to come down was seen,

Like Play-houſe PUNK deſcending in Machine;
How ſhe writ billets doux, and love diſcourſe,
Made aſſignations, viſits and amours:
How hoſts diſtreſt her *ſmock* for banner bore,
Which vanquiſh'd foes, and murder'd at twelve ſcore.
Relate how fiſh in Conventicles met,
And Mackrel with bait of Doctrine caught:
How cattle have judicious hearers been,
And ſtones pathetically cryed Amen:
How conſecrated hive with bells was hung,
And bees ſaid Maſs, and holy Anthems ſung:
How pigs to th' Roſary kneel'd, and ſheep were taught
To bleat Te Deum and Magnificat:
How fly-flap of Church-cenſure houſes rid
Of inſects, which at curſe of fryar dy'd:

How

How travelling Saint, well mounted on a
ſwitch,
Rid journeys thro' the air, like Lapland
witch:
And ferrying cowls religious pilgrims bore
O'er waves, without the help of ſail or
oar.
Nor let Xavier's great wonders paſs con-
ceal'd,
How ſtorms were by th' Almighty wafer
quell'd;
How zealous crab the ſacred Image bore,
And ſwam a Cath'lic to the diſtant
Shore." *

'Think not however, honeſt neighbours that perſecuting us with theſe and the like—"abſurdities," concerning their *grown-up Saints*, would content "zealots of the Popiſh perſuaſion." No,—their infant ones would afford them room to retail an almoſt

* Satirs upon the Jeſuits, written in the year 1679. upon occaſion of the PLOT, together with the Satir AGAINST *virtue*. London, 1681, octavo.

equal number of—"edifying imbecillities," for which they would inſiſt on nearly the ſame credulity.—Thus, for inſtance, they would compel us to believe (or would at leaſt inſiſt on our not ſharply contradicting it) that ſome children under ſeven years old were already ordained biſhops by miraculous appointment:—that ſome immediately after their birth had ſpoken diſtinctly, to vindicate the characters of certain holy Monkiſh fathers, accuſed of having begot them:—that others would not touch the breaſt on what are termed faſt days:—that the Angelic Doctor, before his organs of ſpeech were ſufficiently ſtrengthened to enable him to pronounce—"ad primum ſic proceditur," had appetite enough to ſwallow an entire—"Ave Maria,"—&c. &c.

'—But we are too cunning for the narrators of all theſe—"Romances," crafty as they thought themſelves.—Knowing their drift,

we'll

we'll admit no mirrcles to be probable, not to ſay certain, except thoſe recorded in Scripture. —Indeed if *Hilary* had communicated to us his—"miraculous noſtrum," to get rid of a troubleſome wife, we would readily believe that, and the other wonders related of him and Martin by *Fortunatus*, *Benedictus Paulinus*, *Severus Sulpicius*, *Gregory of Tours*, &c.—but until this—"receipt" is produced, and its efficacy experienced by us, we muſt be excuſed from paying any attention to ſuch "wife and daughter killing ſtories."—To be a little more ſerious;—were narrations of this ſort amply provided with all the marks of credibility, required by our own *Taylors*, *Leſleys*, *Sherlocks*, *Weſts*, *Pearces*, *Lardners*, and *Warburtons*, before a miraculous ſtory is believed, we ought nevertheleſs, for reaſons beſt known to ourſelves, refuſe yielding our aſſent to them on every occaſion, unleſs, perhaps as before excepted, where there is queſtion of the ſcripture phænomena. Wherefore, when

Creſſy or any other—" fanatical monk" reproaches us for the want of the leaſt miraculous power, though we ourſelves never ventured to boaſt of any, we ſhould boldly retort the reflection, and inſiſt *totis viribus*, in defiance to a *million* of hiſtorical relations aſſerting the contrary, that Romaniſts have, for ſeveral hundred years, done as little in the ſupernatural way as we.

'Were then the unanimous teſtimony of ſcores of *Baſils*, *Ambroſes*, *Jeromes*, *Auguſtins*, *Gregories*, *Bedas*, *Bernards*, *Bonaventures*, *Ribadeneiras*, &c. &c. alledged in ſupport of any of thoſe—" tales of a tub," our ſafeſt way is, to obſerve roundly, that Athanaſius, Baſil, Ambroſe, Jerome, Auguſtin, and Gregory were in truth honeſt men—but what of that? They were no—" mighty conjurers after all." That they—" fancied" what they wrote was true.—That they had ſuffered themſelves to be impoſed upon by—" hypocondriac narrators, or crafty rogues, who propagated theſe fables

fables as *pious frauds*, which might recommend the relics in their poſſeſſion, and cauſe theſe trumpery bones, rags and flying houſes to bring in the *better penny*." That Baſil, though he be called by *Evagrius* and others *a pillar of truth*, was, with all his flegm, no wiſer than the reſt of the fathers, when he and his family expreſſed ſuch "extravagant veneration" for the forty Martyrs and their remains, and when, in his uſual grave and deliberate manner, he delivered from his Archi-epiſcopal throne,—"ſuch incredible ſtories," about them and other male and female Martyrs, to extol whom he compoſed ſo many, in other reſpects, well written homilies.—That all Miracles are on as weak a foundation as thoſe told in ſuch abundance by *Metaphraſtes*, *Cedrenus*, *Nicephorus*, *Calliſtus*, *Petrus Comeſtor*, *Jacobus Voragines*, author of the golden, or rather of the "*iron or leaden*, legend," &c. on which ſort of writers ſeveral Catholics in high eſtimation, as *Baronius*, *Poſſevinus*, *Bollandus*, *Henſchenius*, with the continuators of the laſt mentioned fathers, do

not,

not, on all occaſions, lay much ſtreſs. That *Baillet*, though he always profeſſed himſelf a Catholic, and was moreover a "nick-nack myſtagogue," has ſhewn what little credit ſhould be given, even to the ſeemingly beſt authenticated wonderful acts of Saints. For notwithſtanding *Theodoret* had cited Emperors and the *whole world*, as witneſſes to the aſtoniſhing life, obſervances, and miracles of his coeval Simon Stilites, this does not prevent Baillet from undervaluing Stilites, and all that is ſaid of him, which diſcovers how little the French prieſt regarded Theodoret, his Emperor's, cloud of teſtimonies, with the ſeveral other authors who made mention of Simon.—Now if Baillet's writings are for theſe and many other liberties ſtigmatized, and put into the index, this is an affair we are not in the leaſt concerned with, who think ourſelves fully intitled to make uſe of ſuch of his arguments as are favourable to our pretenſions, until they ſhall be refuted, not by haughty cenſures, but ſolid reaſons.

But

'But to return to this troubleſome Auguſtin;'—why we muſt openly tell him, and the other good men ſtyled fathers, that when their Reverences chuſe to "deal ſo largely in the marvellous," they muſt excuſe us from being their cuſtomers.—That their—"drugs," however ſalutary to—"popiſh ſtomachs,"—would, as we know by woeful experience, infallibly—"give us the gripes."—That ſhould they, *a thouſand times* over, declare themſelves *ſpectators* of the wonderful events they relate, they had better after all loſe no more of their precious time with us, but go directly and tell their—"cock and a bull ſtories" *a d' autres*.—That we do not at all diſpute but their fatherhoods had been—"great travellers" in their time, and had ſeen "many raree ſhews,"—many men dreſſed in *buckram and Kendal green*,—both by ſea and land.—They may for aught we know, have voyaged with General Urſula and her eleven thouſand virgins, and ſeen the blood of that Commander liquefying and bubbling, long after her death, on her feſtival day

in

in October, as *Crombach*, *Silveſter*, *Lobetus*, &c. aſſure us it ſtill does.—They may have been pitched upon for their rueful viſages, to accompany the body of Egyptian Catherine, when angels were carrying it, with no funeral pace, to Arabia.—They, or their ſucceſſors, may have—"whiſked away" in the *Santa Caſa*,—"all by the clear light of the moon," from Judæa to Greece; thence to Dalmatia; and laſtly, to the Marquiſate of Ancona, where,—*par bonheur*, they find their—"quarters ſo excellent" that we are in no great danger of being ſoon again—"ſet aghaſt" by accounts of any more of their—"airy expeditions."—Nevertheleſs, as we did not enjoy the felicity of bearing them company in thoſe regions ſo fertile, as they are pleaſed to ſay, in prodigies, our conſcience, which is unacquainted with the—"mental reſervations" of Romaniſts, will not permit us to ſwear to the truth of occurrences, that are related to have happened ſo many centuries before we were born.—That we are yet, alas! very ſhort of that tranſcendently,

ſcendently meritorious African faith, which believes things—"*becauſe* they are impoſſible," and are ſtill alſo of too groſs Northern taſte, to reliſh the ſatisfaction there is—"*a perſuader aux autres ce qu'on ne croit pas ſoi-meme.*"—That we learned to diſtruſt thoſe boaſted *eye-witneſſes*, from Papiſts themſelves, who, although a thouſand perſons preſent at their—"pantomime Maſs" ſhould depoſe upon the Evangeliſts, that what the—"Harlequin prieſt"—held up in his hand was neither more nor leſs than a—"piece of bread," would ſtill inſiſt, and—"damn" all the eye-witneſſes in the world, if theſe did not agree with them in declaring, what their eyes told them was—"a loaf," to be really and ſubſtantially a—"*ſhoulder of mutton**." That it is not ſole-

ly

* The Tale of a Tub, written by Mr. *Swift* the poet, an excentric Dean and Doctor of Divinity, is too generally known, on account of its profaneneſs, impiety, eaſe, elegance, humour, and profuſion of what is called true Attic wit, to, need being formally cited. But this is not the caſe of the Satirs againſt the Jeſuites. The obſcurity into which they have fallen obliges me not only

ly againſt the belief of the miracles related by them (the fathers) we proteſt, paying, we aſſure them, as little or leſs attention to the many ſaid to have been operated by Apollonius Tyanæus and Apuleius, and in more ancient times by Abaris and Pythagoras,—That, in the mean time, to ſhew we are not guided by unreaſonable obſtinacy in theſe matters, we promiſe,—on the ſacred word of Engliſhmen, to credit five hundred of the ancient miracles, if (the fathers) or their diſciples will be ſo obliging as to perform at preſent a ſingle one before us—"*bona fide*," and without the aſſiſtance either of cup or ball.

'The

only to allude to, but ſometimes tranſcribe a few lines from them. In the fourth Satir we read the following delicate, cleanly, and *good-natured* thoughts on the Euchariſt:

"——the wonders of the Maſs they view,
Where ſpiritual *jugglers* their chief maſt'ry ſhew,
Hey jingo, Sirs! What's this? 'tis bread you ſee,
Preſto begone! 'tis now a Deity.

'The foregoing is a—"free" way of ſpeaking the ancient doctors would excuſe, did they conſider the neceſſity there is for our treating them in the above manner, as *ideots*, who could form no ſound judgment of what they had heard, ſeen, or felt.—We well know the aim of—"malignant papiſts," which our—"over-yielding" divines were not aware of, when they unadviſedly admitted ſo many of the above narrations. The caſe is—if we receive ONE miracle, on the authority of any writer ſubſequent to the Evangeliſts, the Romaniſts will drag us down neck

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Down goes the tiny Saviour at a bit,
To be digeſted, and at length ******.

The laſt word in this quotation thro' delicacy is not printed *at full length*, as in the original. The ſame author, treating again of the ſame tremendous ſubject, delivers himſelf as follows:

"Yon Altar-Pix of gold is the abode
And ſafe repoſitory of their God.
A croſs is fix'd upon't, the fiends to fright,
And flies, which would the Deity ——,
And mice, which oft might *unprepar'd* receive."

and heels, through the eighteen centuries, until they finally expel the demon of incredulity out of us before Januarius's head at Naples; that "*bungling trick*," with the like—"flight-of-hand" buſineſs acted at Rome, and Lord knows where, being in the opinion of ſome of their writers of note, among the diſtinguiſhing marks of the true church.—For this reaſon, to bring the matter to a ſhort iſſue, we once for all proteſt againſt *every miracle whatſoever*. "Old birds are not caught with chaff."—As proteſtants were never known to work a miracle, except the *notable one*, ſaid to be wrought by Calvin in Geneva, neither will we *ſuffer* papiſts to perform any.—Let theſe then continue to obſerve as long as they pleaſe, that the firſt Antony's life, which was inconteſtibly written by that cool, wary, and jealous man, *Athanaſius*, is at leaſt, as full of prodigies, revelations, and demoniacal apparations, as the accounts relative to Saint Francis of Aſſizum, Saint Ignatius of Loyola, Saint Tereſa, or to any other later Saint whatſoever,

ſoever, which we are wont to make ordinary topics of deriſion.—Admitting all this,—we muſt only reſpect Athanaſius the leſs, for being author of ſuch—"incredible ſtuff."—In a word, were not only Athanaſius, but an enlightened cherubim, to tell us, he juſt now ſaw a miraculous cure, we muſt, with our uſual *little ceremony*, call him—in the words of one of our meek biſhops *, on another occaſion, a "moſt impudent liar,—mentiris impudentiſſime:" or, ſhould this ſeem a *little* too harſh, tell him, he was impoſed upon.—That, although he may be well enough for a cherubim, he is by no means—"a match for juggling monks."—That theſe laſt have ſo

* *Warburton.*—This mode of replying (bold *Martin's* favourite one) is quite congenial to Engliſh breeding. *Care*, author of the Packet from Rome, thought he could not anſwer Bellarmin's aſſertions, reſpecting the origin of the monaſtic life, in a manner more *ſatisfactory*, and *familiar* to his countrymen, than by giving that cardinal THE LIE in plain terms. "*Mentiris, Bellarmine*," ſays he.—The words, however, would ſound much *more natural* in Care's own language, which thoſe who cultivated it ſpared no pains to enrich, with all poſſible modes of groſs, virulent, and brutal expreſſions.

many—"legerdemain pranks," they are able to deceive, "not the cherubims alone," but all the nine orders of angels together, and make them fancy—"the moon is made of green cheese."—That he and his brother cherubims are—"worthy people, and do not want sense, in *other respects*,"—but it is hoped neither he nor they will take it amiss, if we by no means deem them equal to—"Mass-priests at hocus-pocus," for herein the—"very devil himself," though, by reason of his cunning, they call him,—Old Nick, Old Boy, and Old Serpent,—"is not able to deal with them."

'To be satisfied of all this, their worships the cherubims need only call to mind, how our countryman Dunstan, who was an—"asperges me, Domine" Prelate, led—"the devil about by the nose, like an ass;"—how *John Climacus*,——"a slippery friar," relates several ways, which had been successfully put in practice,—"to cheat" the aforesaid evil spirit,

ſpirit, and—"ſuck out his brains:"—how, in fine,—"crafty jeſuits and their diſciples," when at a loſs for other means of getting children, can—"conjure you up in a trice, a bouncing boy, in a WARMING-PAN," which our *ſage Burnet*, and other worthy perſons, *marvelled at exceedingly*, and ſure it is no wonder they ſhould.

'Such matters as theſe duly conſidered, their angelſhips the cherubims would do well, when they intend becoming ſpectators of—"Romiſh miracles," to exchange previouſly as many of their wings, as they can ſpare, for an additional number of eyes; to endeavour, by this reinforcement of optics, to detect—"popiſh frauds," which we unſuſpicious, honeſt and *good-natured* proteſtants have proved hitherto unable to do. For it is the incapacity (though we never ſpeak thus before papiſts) of accounting for the—"ſtrange preſto-paſs feats"—they call miracles, which

lays us under the neceſſity of terming all their — " pretended prodigies, — impudent cozenage, — cunning impoſture, — dexterous deception, and even—bungling trick."—Indeed this laſt epithet of *bungling*, which Mr. *Addiſon* had uſed on the preſent occaſion, does not at firſt appear, altogether ſo prudently choſen. For,—as the groſs worſhippers of the "*whore** of Babylon" ſmilingly retort,—if it was ſo very *bungling*, why did not the *good*, the *open*, the *ſincere*, the *unenvious* Mr. Addiſon *diſcloſe pro bono publico*, wherein—" the trick" conſiſted; for which purpoſe he muſt have

* It would be idle to cite the multitude of Engliſh controvertiſts, in the two laſt centuries, who uſe the above unſeemly name, in their ſnarlings againſt that ſpotleſs, though fruitful *virgin*, the Church of Rome. The obſcure *Fall's* Poems are in particular ſo full of it, that there is ſcarce a page in his book, which is not adorned with—

O THOU WHORE!
Or,
O THOU DRUNKEN WHORE!
Or,
O THOU BLOODY WHORE!

beſides ſeveral ſuch-like *mannerly*, and—(*a la façon d' Angleterre*) *good-natured* apoſtrophes.

been

been ſure well qualified, the deception being ſo very apparent to him, that he can even ſafely call it a—"*bungling*" one. This *diſcovery*, continue they, had he revealed it, would at length effectually open the eyes of ſo many —"deluded votaries," who are yearly impoſed on by it, and diſabuſe millions, who ſtedfaſtly believe the event is brought to paſs by divine agency, without their ever having been ſpectators thereof. Such a proceeding would even, according to them, have done the proteſtant cauſe *vaſt ſervice*, as its adverſaries frequently inſiſt, our writers have nothing to alledge againſt Saint Januarius's miracle, and the ſeveral other ancient and modern ones, we declaim againſt, but *opprobrious epithets*, and *random aſperſions*,—but raſhly *denying* and *abuſing* every thing while we ſeldom aſſign any reaſon for all theſe bold denials, aſperſions, and torrents of abuſe.

'Notwithſtanding

'Notwithſtanding all this,—"prattle of monkiſh punchinellos," in defence of their—"great Diana of the Epheſians," Mr. Addiſon had doubtleſs *good reaſons* for his ſilence. Did he lay open—"the cheat," he knew,—"the Pope, Devil, French king, and Pretender," would have immediately ſent over—"Jeſuits and other wicked perſons," to cut his throat, or ſtab him with Italian *ſtilettos*. Who can then blame the *worthy* gentleman, for having had ſome regard to the ſafety of his perſon, which, were he to detect this "knaviſh affair" *fully*, would, he knew, fall a ſacrifice to the vengeance of—"bloody-minded papiſts?" The *calm* and *judicious* Mr. *Dennis* had a proper ſenſe of the "helliſh machinations" of princes of the Romiſh communion againſt proteſtants, who *galled theſe Tartars* by ſharp pamphlets, when he cautiouſly avoided tarrying, whether in time of war or peace, above two days, near the Sea-coaſt, for fear, had the —"*grand monarque Lewis Baboon*," time to receive intelligence from his emiſſaries of his

(Mr.

(Mr. Dennis's) being contiguous to the ſea-ſhore, he might have diſpatched a *fleet of men of war*, to take him priſoner. This will account for, and juſtify, Mr. Addiſon's reſerve, upon the above occaſion, whom we alſo know to have proved himſelf, on every other, as timid a foe, as he was a ſuſpicious friend.* It will even be allowed, he made a wonderful exertion of his manhood againſt the deceaſed Januarius, if it is conſidered, how, when he wiſhed to do moſt miſchief to ſuch living perſons, as were hated by him, he never ventured further than *hinting* † at their faults, or charitably inſinuating, in an *beſitating manner*, ſomething he—*feared*—was reprehenſible in them.—Nay, ſo great his moderation, that he has been known to proceed no farther, than teaching other people to *ſneer* ‡ at his rivals, without once ſneering at them himſelf.—Upon the

* See Mr. Pope's character of him.
† Id. ibid.
‡ Id. in eod loco.

whole

whole then, though he did not explain the method of carrying on—" the impoſition," he *refuted*—" the *fable*" to the full ſatisfaction of Engliſhmen, and, in our uſual way, when he *frowningly*, *ſelf-ſufficiently*, *contemptuouſly*, and *ſans facon*, pronounced it a—" bungling trick,"—and ſo left it.

' Now if we continue to imitate his conduct, and borrow his expreſſions, relative to the foregoing—" myſtery of iniquity," it is not but we could *lay open* the whole proceſs of " the cheat ;"—tell what the officiating prieſt —" holds in his hands, which liquifies the blood ;" (though " dull papiſts" *cannot* ſee it, their eyes, if they really have any, being then all taken up with—" counting their beads") and make other important *diſcoveries*, which would be acknowledged ſatisfactory, by all inquirers. But this we do not chuſe.—It is troubleſome.—Papiſts are not worthy of being treated as—" rational creatures."—They have long ago " diveſted themſelves of their reaſon,"

reaſon," and offered it up at the ſhrine of that —" enormous* man of ſin †, and triple-headed monſter ‡ the Pope."—They and their belief

* "From the Biſhop of Rome, and all his ENORMITIES, good Lord, deliver us." *Edward the Sixth's Liturgy.*

† See in particular *Hugh's* book, intitled THE MAN OF SIN.

‡ Proteſtants, eſpecially in England, where they are worſe reaſoners on religious, and greater railers on all ſubjects, than in any other country, except Germany, have transformed the pope into more ſhapes than *Ovid* does his Jupiter. Sometimes he is a—" chief or arch-myſtagogue" with them: at others a—" great Lama of Tartary." *Whittaker* tells us in Greek, he is " more cruel than the inhuman tyrants of antiquity—having probably Buſiris, Gyges, Cacus, Procruſtes, Mezentius, Phalaris, &c. in view, when he wrote that *candid and good-natured* ſentence, in the dedication prefixed to his Greek Tranſlation of his countryman *Alexander Noel-lus's*—Chriſtianæ pietatis prima inſtitutio, printed in London in 1701.—Hundreds ſtile the ſame ſovereign pontiff a, or the—" man of ſin," by which we are to underſtand, ſinning is as *eſſential* to his nature, or at leaſt to his ſtation, as rationality to other men.—Not a few have termed him " a porter," affirming, at the ſame time, the keys he carries about him to be—" the keys of the gates,—not of heaven,—but—hell."—According to many he is a—" collector and trainer of *mad bulls*," which he ſends about the world to annoy and gore

belief ſhould be ſpoken of with raillery, contempt, and aſperity of language,—but ſeldom or never argued coolly againſt.—Were reaſons

gore thoſe who refuſe paying a certain tax, called *Peter-pence*. *Care*, author of the three large Quarto Volumes of Weekly Intelligence from Rome, delights in repreſenting him (eſpecially where he deſcribes the ſeptennial ceremony of bleſſing the *Agnus Deis)* as a—"great necromancer, conjurer, and dealer in ſpells."—However, though the writer of the three *good-natured* volumes, juſt cited, ſays, towards the concluſion of the third tome, that the popes have—"by the multitude of their BASTARDS, proved themſelves men with a witneſs," even ſo as to render—"the probation" of their manhood on their election needleſs, which he *affirms* to have been formerly a part of the Ceremonial, when a perſon appointed for the purpoſe,—"*felt things and things*," this does not prevent forty other *good-natured* Engliſh authors from ſtripping the huſband of Chriſt's Church of virility intirely, and calling him a—"drunken red whore," who once fell into labour, as ſhe "was ſtalking in a proceſſion, cloathed *in her pontificalibus*."

Some think all this not enough until, after depriving him of every thing human, they draw hideous pictures of him, ſufficient to frighten all the children and pregnant women in the kingdom. Of this kind are the deſcriptions we have of him, as of a *monſter*, whoſe head is covered with horns, of different ſizes, with feet like

ſons as plenty as black-berries, they ſhould not be—"thrown away upon papiſts."—The ſhorteſt and moſt imperatorial way of treating any

like thoſe of a goat. In other repreſentations he reſembles—*a bull*,—heaven defend us! a huge, furious, fiery-eyed one, emitting ſmoke and flames from his mouth and noſtrils; whoſe dreadful figure could not fail terrifying, not only ſo delicate, young and *inexperienced* a maiden as Europa, but the moſt maſculine, *ſtable-frequenting*, inſatiable lady of quality in England, —even though ſhe had for years acted as preſident to the *female coterie*.

However, of all the monſtrous forms into which they changed the popes, none, I confeſs, intimidates me equal to that of a—"*three-headed dog*," in which ſhape I often met him, in *good natured* Engliſh books, and pamphlets. Being naturally afraid of *Engliſh maſtiffs*, which are remarkably ferocious and cruel, though each of them, thank God, has no more than *one* head, and *one* mouth, judge, reader, what my terrors muſt be, when I behold a monſter,—called by the name of *Cerberus*, in order to diſtinguiſh him from the dogs of true Engliſh breed, known by the appellation of *Bull-dogs*,—ſtanding unchained with three large and extended throats, the ſame number of parched and outſtretched tongues, ſix foaming lips, ſix enflamed eyes, a multitude of ſharp-ſet teeth, ready in all appearance to devour me, or even any *good-natured* Engliſhman, that may come in his way.

any—"non-ſenſe" they may—" trump up" is to call it at once—" impudent forgery,—audacious lye,—holy Romance, *—ridiculous mummery,—abſurd foppery,—ſome of Emperor Peter's bouncings,—monkiſh cheat,—juggling impoſture,—bungling trick," &c—

Sure the reader will not be too haſty in pronouncing me over-timid, when I thus candidly own myſelf ſtartled, as often as I behold the above ſavage beaſt in *Engliſh books:* for if Scylla (one of whoſe heads, according to *Iſaac Tzetzes*, reſembled a man's) was nevertheleſs ſo frightful, that *Homer* in his Odyſſey ſays, a god would not preſerve his *ſang froid*, on meeting it, how excuſable is it in a poor *Homuncio* like me, to be alarmed at the above—*Engliſh pope*, which bears in none of its members the moſt diſtant reſemblance, to any thing civilized or human?

Indeed, as I often of late proteſted, if this be the vicar of Chriſt's *real* form, and if there actually exiſts in Rome a beaſt *three times* more *ſnappiſh*, more *dangerous*, more *growling*, more ready to *bark* at, and *bite* every body than an *Engliſh one-headed dog*, which hitherto I thought utterly impoſſible to be met with there, or any where elſe,—even a grand jubille will not induce me to viſit that city.

* See Mr. *Gibbon*, already cited, in his 15th and 16th chapters.

This

This is *proper language* and *conclusive* argumentation. This is maintaining the dignity of an Engliſhman, whoſe briefeſt and moſt unguarded expreſſion ought to be more reſpected than volumes in folio written by all the—"ſlavish meagre Frenchmen, ſinging Italians, lazy Spaniards, baſe-minded Dutch, oppreſſive Danes, drunken Poles, and heavy-witted Germans exiſting *." This, in fine, is genuine

* For ſoul *general* aſperſions on neighbouring Countries ſee *Cox's* hiſtory of *Ireland*, *Aſcham*, *Howel*, *Raymond*, *Burnet*, *Miſſon*, *Middleton*, *Clarke*, *Smollet*, *Sharpe*, *Chandler* the libeller of modern Greek eccleſiaſtics, Mrs. *Miller*, and almoſt every Engliſhman; who has publiſhed any account of his travels into foreign ſtates, eſpecially if Roman Catholic ones. See even Lord *Moleſworth's* account of Denmark, in which, having no popery to lay to the charge of its principal inhabitants, he muſt, as a *good natured* Engliſhman, vent his unmannerly ſpleen againſt them on ſome other pretext. And this he fails not to do accordingly, by aſperſing the mode of Government in that kingdom (which by the way, ſo far from being an uncommon one, is the pure monarchical form eſtabliſhed, *now and at all times ſince the creation; at leaſt in ſix out of ſeven parts of the known world,*) and by exhibiting unbecoming, abuſive, exaggerated, and ſometimes altogether falſe repreſentations,

ine Engliſh keenneſs, — caution — impartial examination — ſlowneſs to condemn too ſud- ny what is ſteadily affirmed by millions of his

ſly derogatory to the moderation and honor of the Nobles, and ſcandalouſly calumniating the temperence, fair-dealing and probity of the lower claſs of people. Is it not, for inſtance, the *candid and good-natured* Engliſh Spirit, which inſpired him to obſerve, in the Chapter on the temper, cuſtoms, &c. of the Danes, that if a poor man in that kingdom happens to be poſſeſſed of a rix-dollar, he immediately goes to diſburſe it for brandy, leſt his Landlord ſhould take it away, upon receiving information of its being in his hands. To the ſame dread of being plundered by their ſuperiors, as well as to their own intemperance, he aſcribes the total want of ſilver ſpoon, or other moveable of the ſmalleſt value, except a bed, in the poor people of Denmark's habitations. He even aſſures us, that were a peaſant to render his dwelling any way comfortable, this would cauſe his being driven from thence to a new and miſerable hut. He charges, without any reſtriction, the dealers with over-reaching and fraud; affirming, in particular, that they demand as much for lean as for fat, for ſtinking as for freſh meat. Let the book be conſulted, and it will appear, that though, to avoid rendering this book of an immoderate ſize, I ſeldom tranſcribe paſſages of any length, word for word, either from the author now mentioned, or from the many other Engliſh ones I cite or allude to, ſtill that my expreſſions fall ſhort of thoſe his Lordſhip made choice of to convey his miſrepreſentation, ſcurrility and virulence.

his fellow-Creatures,—modeſt,—diffident—*audi alteram partem good-nature.*—Wherefore, if Cherubims ſhould aſſert any thing in contra-

diction

Of this the reader may be thoroughly convinced, by peruſing the chapter already cited. There he will read, and, if he be not a *good-natured* Engliſhman—read with aſtoniſhment, how a *female peaſant* or two having, during a few days, declined through ſimplicity ſelling his Lordſhip ſome—"GREEN GEESE" he longed for, this irritates him to ſuch a degree—(for, as Mr. *Garrick*, the celebrated Stage-player, remarks,

"There is no joking with the belly"—

—*of an Engliſhman at leaſt*) that he takes occaſion from thence to villify an entire nation.—It is no wonder the late king of *Pruſſia* ſhould deſign the foul-mouthed people of the Southern part of this Iſland by the name of MODERN CYNICS, ſeeing they ſpared nobody.—Creator of Heaven and Earth, would a manifeſtation of your infinite perfections exempt you from an Engliſhman's cenſure?—Had you been in the Daniſh women's place, you muſt have ſold his Lordſhip the—"*green geeſe*" or not.—If you did not, he would charge you, as he did them, with avarice, trick, and ſuſpicion.—Should you, after firſt refuſing to part with ſaid unlucky—"*green geeſe*," conſent in a week, as one of the women actually did, to let this titled man—(for to call him a *noble* man the reſpect I bear the qualities which ſhould adorn a truly noble perſon prevents me)—have them; why he would accuſe you, as he did her, of—SUPERSTITION.—*Miege*,

diction to it, they alſo are—"*narrow-minded and bigoted aſſes.*" And if theſe hard names ſhould fail convincing them, why—"let them be

author of a State of Great Britain, writen in the *preſent* century, giving a deſcription of Sutton's hoſpital in London, wanders from his ſubject (if unmannerly and ill-founded aſperſions are to be deemed wandering from a ſubject in an Engliſhman) to villify the *Hotel Dieu* at Paris. I have not ſeen his book for ſome years; but his audacious miſrepreſentation and falſehood made ſuch deep impreſſion on my memory, that I can venture to affirm the epithets "*barbarous and inhuman*" are either the individual ones he uſes, or that, at leaſt, they are not more ſevere and unmerited than thoſe actually applied by him to that magnificent and charitable inſtitution.—The late Mr. *Sterne*, though an Engliſhman himſelf, was ſo diſguſted at the horrid propenſity in the travellers of his country to aſperſe and miſrepreſent, that he could not help obſerving ſome of them would *find fault with Heaven*,—meaning, O Lord, the throne of your Glory, if they viſited it.—But this would not be the caſe: for, previous to their glorification, you would pluck up the root that germinates all their *gall and bitterneſs*: you would pour into their breaſts a ſpirit of meekneſs, a ſpirit of benevolence, a ſpirit much readier to think good than ſuſpect evil. That they would become altogether *new Chriſtian men*—ceaſing to be any longer *old Engliſhmen*. Then would they not, as at preſent, imitate the infernal Dragon, whoſe only occupation, from morning till night, is *caluminating* our brethren, but rather take you for their model, who declared

be DAMNED," for in this pious ejaculation moſt of our ſentences directed to others terminate, with

ed you were come down from heaven, to ſcrutinize the merit and demerits of Sodom and the neighbouring Cities, before you paſſed a condemnatory ſentence upon them.

O Lord, the cities you are come to judge contain ſeveral hundred thouſand of my fellow-creatures, created after your image and likeneſs: pleaſe then to pardon me, if I intereſt myſelf warmly in their fate. Excuſe me if, conſcious as I am of my being only duſt and aſhes, I dare ſupplicate you not to be very ſevere upon them, though Engliſhmen ſhould prove to a demonſtration, that moſt of their Inns are badly provided with large pieces of *beef* fit for *roaſting*, and worthy to be *knighted*:—though it ſhould appear ſome of their Princes diſpoſed of the hay mowed in *their own parks*; a crime, with which Mr. *Sharpe* charges the Prince of Parma; or that others, in imitation of the Genoeſe Republic, built and ſold *their own* Ships of war to the French. Proceed not *ſharply*, or *ſmartly*, or *tartly* againſt the King of Sodom, though you ſhould diſcover that, after the example of German Landgraves or Dukes, whoſe territories are ſmall, he hired his troops to more potent neighbours, and, in ſome years after, demanded the ſubſidy, *ſtipulated to be paid him*, for ſuch ſuccour.—If the people of Gomorrah are, like the Dutch, plain, frugal, and not over lavish of ceremony,—ah! do not pronounce them, all to a man—"hogs, miſers, and brutes."—If, on the other hand,

with regard to them, and often even with regard to ourſelves: and the omnipotent judge of

hand, in imitation of the French, they expreſs an officiouſneſs to pleaſe you, and take pains to make you ſatisfied with yourſelf and them,—let not this provoke you to ſtigmatize them as cringing, deſigning, fawning ſlaves,—If, as is the caſe with the Scotch and Iriſh, they are poor, and that want obliges moſt of them to live, during ſeven months in a year, on a ſcanty allowance of oaten-meal and water, or potatoes and water, —permit not your wrath to be kindled againſt them on that account. This, though it may argue them unfortunate, does not neceſſarily evince their guilt.—It may be the effect, not of their ſloth, but of the jealous and unheard of *tyranny* with which they are treated by ſome *good-natured* nation that enſlaved them.—Nay, as you are the merciful witneſs to human infirmity,—as you well know we are but fleſh,—and that there is none of us who does not ſin,—deign,—even thought one or two of the lower claſs of people ſhould, through ignorance, refuſe ſelling you "GREEN GEESE,"—to remember after all, that you are not a *Milord Anglois*, but a long-ſuffering God.—Wherefore, DAMN not, I beſeech you, every man, woman and child in a populous kingdom, ever for that offence, in however enormous a light Engliſh bills of indictment may repreſent it.

Since I began to ſpeak, I will add a word or two more in preſence of your Divine Majeſty.—Should the inhabitants of theſe (I fear) ſinful towns live on plain food, eating but *moderately* of fleſh-meat, bear with me,

of Heaven and Earth is too juſt not to gratify us, at leaſt in what we ſo frequently pray to obtain

me, while I utter but a ſhort apology in their behalf. You no where ordered us, under pain of your own or your angels diſpleaſure, to *ſtuff* ourſelves with the now-mentioned nouriſhment. You permitted, but did not *command* the uſe of it to Noah and his deſcendants. Conſider, though a poet of a *good-natured* Iſland hints the contrary, that one may be an *honeſt man*, and yet eat fiſh *: that if Mr. *Cox* reflects on the ancient Iriſh for uſing potatoes inſtead of bread, you never hitherto declared people reprobate on that account. How, on the contrary, in the revelation you were pleaſed to make to us your poor creatures men, you expreſſly determine, in two places, that it is not in, or by, bread alone a man lives; neither is it, O Lord, as I may by a parity of reaſoning fairly infer, in, or by,—*roaſt meat*. In the books which contain the manifeſtation of your will, we often find ſome of our fellow-Creatures greatly commended, though it is well known they did not eat beef ſeveral times, nor even *once*, a day. You ſay of John the Baptiſt, in particular, that a greater perſonage did not riſe among the children of women than he, though he had no better diet than locuſts and wild honey. From this, and much more

* Shakeſpeare in King Lear.

which

obtain forourſelves ; being certainly beſt informed of what is *ſuitable* to us.

'Away then, to conclude, with—" miracles, —prayers *, — popery, — ſlavery, — wooden ſhoes, — abſtinence, — auricular confeſſion,—

which I might offer to diſpoſe you to treat the inhabitants of Sodom and the Cities in its vicinity with indulgence, I conclude, Countries are not juſtly liable to your cenſure, much leſs to that of any well-meaning, moderate, and truly *good-natured* perſon of their ſpecies, barely on account of the lightneſs, leanneſs or cheapneſs of the fare they uſe, for the preſervation of a life, which, differing in opinion from good Mr. *Donne*, an Engliſhman, they would think themſelves unpardonably criminal in parting with, until you, who gave, ſhall redemand it.—For my part, I dread that, when you ſhall have examined the conduct of the inhabitants of the diſtrict already mentioned, it will appear they (and I ſtrongly ſuſpect this will alſo be the caſe with other people) have much oftener offended you by a too plentiful and luxurious, than by an over-ſpare and homely diet.

* "He who ſows the ground with care and diligence acquires a *greater ſtock* of religious merit than he could gain by *ten thouſand prayers*." This Maxim of the *zendaveſta*, Mr. Gibbon, already cited, commends—*en vrai Anglois*—as a—" WISE *and benevolent one*."

impertinent

impertinent virtue †,—penance—and saints;" for—"dam'me, who's afraid?"—"Hell-fire" is after all the worst consequence that can attend all this.—But this same—"Hell-fire," if such a thing really exists ‡, is not so uncomfortable as Romanists give out.—Who heard any one complain of it hitherto?

'There are, as all the world knows, plenty of *hell-fire Societies* in our Country, where we meet with—"damned good things," where

† 'Virtue, thou solemn grave *impertinence*,
Abhorr'd by all the men of *wit and sense*.
Thou *damn'd* fatigue, that clog'st life's journey here,
Though thou no weight of wealth or profit bear;
Thou puling fond green-sickness of the mind,
That makest us prove to ourselves unkind."
Adam's Sat. *against Virtue*, London 1681.

‡ Several writers in England, even among the Clergy have not scrupled publishing treatises—some against the Eternity of the pains of hell; others against the existence of a material fire there: for which offences the authors, though often publicly known, were never either deprived or censured by their Bishops. See, among many other tracts of the same sort, "Meditations of a Divine Soul *disproving* the notions of hell-fire," London 1703, and a late well-known book, intitled,—"Heaven open to *all* Men."

we

we are ſtuffed with turtle to the chin, and become—"*moſt glorioufly drunk*" with ſparkling champaign and imperial Tokay. Of this ſort are doubtleſs the—"hell-fire places" in the next life, which—"greedy *oremus* prieſts, in order to ſqueeze money from the affrighted laity, miſrepreſent ſo enormouſly."—But they may ſay what they will, give us, O Lord, a—"hell-fire meeting" for our money. For in ſuch places we always found ourſelves free and eaſy,—"kicked up breezes,—let the Cat out of the bag,—ſung jolly ſongs," and made merry, while Lazarous-viſaged Romaniſts, obliged to faſt, "were piteouſly howling out, *De profundis*, and *Libera nos Domine*, in Purgatory." How gladly would—"thoſe ſlaves" eſcape from—"Saint Patrick" and his famiſhing purgations, to pick up the crums which fall from our loaded tables!—What a multitude of high and low Maſſes do their friends get—"jabbered over," to deliver them out of that pit they dug for themſelves; while we, having happily got rid of the—"gloomy reſtraints and

terrors

terrors of their ſect," and being by that means, as its profeſſors themſelves acknowledge, in no danger whatever of finding ourſelves locked up in their odious dungeon, never betray the leaſt dread of this much-ſlandered hell-fire; take not the ſmalleſt pains to avoid it; nay even write and tranſlate books treating ludicrouſly of it *, and pour forth in our ordinary converſation frequent ejaculations, that our ſouls may *enjoy* it—in the end.

"These are ſome of the *bleſſed effects* which reſult from our *deciſive ſuperiority of underſtanding* over —"ſneaking Catholics." They believe Purgatory,—tremble thereat,—"ſtarve their guts,"—wear hair-ſhirts,—and ſcourge their backs to avoid it. We profeſs to believe Hell-fire; and yet would not loſe a meal,—prick our little finger,—nor ſteer a rope's

* See the two tranſlated volumes entitled "the Praiſe of Hell," publiſhed in London in 1760; ſee alſo the poem written originally in Engliſh, under the title of "A Journey to Hell, or a Viſit paid to the Devil." Ibid. 1701.

length from our uſual courſe, through apprehenſion of it.—" Hypocritical Maſs prieſts" may then continue to exclaim to their flocks, Brethren, beware of the hell-fire places of Engliſhmen, both in this and the next life; —while we—" valiant Britons," who, being a—" philoſophic nation," are neither to be—" cajoled by fairy tales" about paradiſe, nor intimidated by that—" ſcare-crow conſcience*"—or—" bug-bear damnation," to relinquiſh

* 'In mighty wine, where we our ſenſes ſteep,
And lull our cares and conſciences aſleep,
But why do I that *wild Chimæra* name?
Conſcience! that *giddy airy Dream*,
Which does from brain-ſick heads and ill-digeſting ſtomachs ſteam.
Conſcience! the *vain fantaſtic fear*
Of Puniſhments we know not when nor where:
Projects of *crafty Statesmen* to ſupport the weak law,
Whereby they *ſlaviſh ſpirits* awe,
And *daſtard Souls* to forc'd obedience draw.
Grand *wheedle* which our gown'd *impoſtors* uſe,
The unthinking rabble to abuſe:
SCAREGROW to *fright's* from the forbidden fruit of vice,
Their own beloved Paradiſe.

Let

relinquish our pleasures, have been often known to bellow out,—"Confusion to all order!—Speedy restoration to old Chaos!—Down with Pope and Popery!—God damn our Souls, and welcome *Hell-fire for ever!*".

Let those *vile Canters* wickedness decry
Whose mercenary tongues take pay
For what they say;
And yet commend in practice what their words deny:
While we *discerning heads*, who furthest pry,
Their *holy Cheats* deny,
And scorn their *frauds*,
And scorn their *sanctified cajolery*."

Satir *against* Virtue.

CHAP. IX.

Every subject should have a free and fair discussion in England, except the Rights of Sovereigns and Popery: *but no defence of, or apology for, this last should be printed or listened to, let the charges brought against it and its professors be ever so improbable or notoriously false.*

'NOTHING is properer than to put to death such as blaspheme our last *holy* revolution, when, having expelled our Sovereign,—(or rather he himself having causelessly and—"wickedly — ABDICATED" a *dutiful and loving people*, over whom he reigned in the *utmost safety*)—and sent him to beg subsistence from enemies, we piously seated his daughter *Goneril*—no it seems her name was *Mary*—in his Throne, which she, during her father's life,

life, consented *with equal piety*, to occupy.—To speak of this alteration in the succession, otherwise than as of—a happy, "JUST and *blessed*" transaction is a high offence, and merits capital punishment. But it is—"*odious and tyrannical*," to inflict the *least* chastisement on any man, for villifying publicly the person or religion of Jesus Christ.—If the latter be God, and has been injured, let him take vengeance of the offender before the succeeding day—*Deorum injuriæ Diis curæ*.—Now for our rulers to enterfere officiously on such occasions, or molest persons for delivering their sentiments, be they what they will, relative to the Trinity or Incarnation,—this would be establishing a—"detestable inquisitorial office" over generous Britons; would be curtailing that—"glorious priviledge" of abusing God and Man, which every Englishman, who is *no Papist*, has an—"inherent, unalienable right" to exercise, as often as he thinks proper,—that is—every day of his life.—Upon the whole, though very criminal

attacks may be made, by word of mouth and writing, on the *majesty of the Government and People*, yet to talk of any possible mode of maltreating, by discourses or publications, the Divine Majesty of our Saviour and the Holy Ghost, so as to expose whoever might be guilty of such pretended misdemeanor to any punishment is—"non-sensical, illiberal and cruel;" tends to confine the—"glorious spirit of free inquiry;" is, in fine, exercising—"religious persecution, with the barbarous severity of the unfeeling bigot Dominic."

'Should a *single* man, in the presence of a *single* witness, counterfeit or adulterate a *single* six-pence of our coin, let him be put to death without mercy. But every body has an—"indubitable right" to corrupt, mock and undermine, in the most public manner, as many articles of the Christian belief as he chuses*. Let a person only beware of—"touching

* Positions to this effect, I mean, contending for the propriety of censuring the thirty-nine Articles with impunity, under pretence of freely examining them, may

"touching our *property*:" for as to our Religion, he may do with that juſt as he pleaſes.—If he has even a fancy to carry it all away with him, —much good may it do his ſweet heart.—The whole Thirty-nine Articles are at his ſervice. —Had there been three or four *dozen* more, he would experience us equally liberal of them. —In a word, he could never pitch upon any thing belonging to us,—no, not even a—plumb-pudding-pan,—which he would find us ſo ready to part with.

'Conformable to theſe—"expanſive ſentiments," it is fit there ſhould be daily news-papers,—"open,' as they lyingly pretend,—"to all parties, but influenced by none;" and that ſuch peſtilent performances ſhould become receptacles for the villainous ſlander

may be read five hundred times in *Gordon's independant whig*; in the collection lately publiſhed in four volumes, intitled,—*Pillars of prieſt-craft and orthodoxy ſhaken*; in Mr. *Lindſey's* pamphlets;—in *Deiſm fairly ſtated* by an anonymous author; in *Wollaſton*, *Tindal*, *Toland*, &c.'s works, and in an infinite number of Engliſh *belles lettres* books.

of

of all ranks of men, particularly of anointed ſovereigns, and the miniſters of religion.—"It is no matter, if they now and then deride the holy Scriptures,—blaſpheme the ſacred perſon of the Son of God!—and mock the tremendous myſtery of the Trinity,—provided nothing *ſavouring of*, or *apologizing for*, popery be admitted into any of them, *all is well.*—If the illiterate tools, who print their anonymous eſſays in them, think proper to charge prieſts with—"adoring images in the ſpirit of paganiſm;—with buying privileges to commit ſin; with ſuing for exemptions from *moral* precepts, whoſe obſervance is enjoined in the old or new law, not by apoſtolical, but by *Divine* or *natural* authority;"—or reproach them with any other heinous crime, equally ill-founded,—the moſt *modeſt explanatory vindication* from a Romaniſt ſhould be ALWAYS ſuppreſt,—that the ignorant and abuſed public may fancy, thoſe of that communion admitted the truth of the accuſation, as there appeared nothing from any of them, in refutation

on

on of it*.—This is the genuine impartiality, —love of truth,—humanity,—generosity and *good-nature*

* A few years since not a day passed but the professors of the Catholic faith in Great-Britain and Ireland found themselves slandered in one or other of the News-papers. Scarce a crime could be committed, or *accident* happen, in any part of the three kingdoms, which these repositories did not immediately lay to their charge. All other bodies of men however, and even individuals, when calumniated in the public prints, were permitted to justify themselves, through the same channel. But this natural right, as not only I, but many more, know by experience, was till lately withheld from papists. The editors of the papers told us plainly, their interest would not suffer them to give place to any reply from a Romanist, let the accusation brought against one or more of that religion be ever so improbable, or shamelessly false. By these illiberal and vile means, the prejudices of, at least, the lower class of people, who pay great attention to what they read in the daily publications just mentioned, were kept constantly inflamed, and every abandoned ruffian might there impune in full security whatever villainy he thought fit to Catholics, being thoroughly persuaded the printers would give admission to nothing written by those of that communion, to exculpate themselves. Had, for example, a powder-magazine or dock-yard taken fire? News-writers instantly assured us,—and no one should dare contradict them,—that—*papists* were the incendiaries: and they frequently added, that, unless effectual methods were immediately used to check the—" very rapid and alarming *growth of popery*,"

good-nature of Engliſhmen, through profound veneration for which, every crime, abſurdity, or error (whether true or falſe) imputed to the "Romiſh ſuperſtition," or to its abettors, thoſe of that church ought *patiently* and *thankfully* liſten to—but they ſhould never dare publiſh either *anſwer* or *apology* for themſelves, no, *popery*,"—a ſingle rope would not be left unconſumed in the kingdom, for a—*reſigned* Engliſhman—to hang himſelf with,—*next November*,—after ſupper.—Were we at a loſs for the meaning of the word—*peep-of-day-boys*,—which we might have read in one day's paper, a gloſſary in ſome of the next would tell us, it ſignified —*papiſts*,—who love darkneſs better than light.—If one print gave an account of any outrage perpetrated by—*Liberty-boys* in Ireland,—another proteſted the perſons deſigned under that denomination were,—*ſlaviſh papiſts*. —*Non-reſiſting papiſt*—was the explanation annexed in the News-paper dictionary to—*oak-boy*.—*Sabbath-breaker*,—according to this infallible authority, meant an *undevout Romaniſt*—who walked twelve Engliſh miles, in hail, rain, or ſnow, to be corporeally preſent at the celebration of Maſs—*on a Sunday*.—It defined—*Abſolution* —a privilege of injuring proteſtants in their perſons and property, granted by prieſts to their flocks.—*Mental reſervation* was expounded in the ſame Lexicon by—*oath of allegiance* to the Engliſh *de-facto* king, taken by a member of the Roman church:—*heart of ſteel*,—by *ſuperſtitious Catholic*:—*white-boy*,—by—*blackguard papiſt*.—

not

not even in *Phillips's* calm and modeſt manner. —Why ſhould profeſſed papiſts *preſume* to write any thing?—Why ſhould they even privately whiſper the leaſt doubt of the irrefragable truth of Saint Peter's never having "ſet his foot in Rome," though Mr. *Owen* is good enough to allow Simon the Magician was there *:—of *Leo the Tenth*, who had been

* 'An Petrus fuerit Romæ ſub judice lis eſt,
'Simonem Romæ nemo fuiſſe negat.
After writing a multitude of treatiſes, contending that Saint Peter had never been at Rome, Engliſh writers have, within this century, given up that point intirely, judging at laſt, that if they continued to ſupport it, in oppoſition to the expreſs teſtimony of ſo many ancient fathers, who wrote in different ages and countries, eſpecially to the now univerſally held authentic epiſtle of Pope *Saint Clement* to the ſeditious Corinthians, ſuch bare-faced impudence would tend, as *Cave* and others confeſs, to annihilate the credit of all hiſtory. At preſent, they confine themſelves to maintaining, he did not hold the ſee of that city, as long as the bulk of catholics believe. However, as they at length admitted the apoſtle did reſide in Rome, they are alſo obliged to own he ſuffered there; the reſpectable authors, who inform us of the firſt circumſtance, always mentioning the other. As for what our iſlanders will ſay next, on this or ſome ſuch article, it is impoſſible to gueſs, they (though a reflecting people, and if, by reaſon of their climate, not extremely

been a—"chuck-farthing-boy cardinal*,"—having called the Christian belief—"a lucrative fable;"—of *Gregory the Seventh's* being no saint, nor bulwark of God's house, but a—poisoner, necromancer, and a fire-brand or torch of hell:—of *Pope Joan's* history:—of *Casa's* having written, when archbishop and legate *a latere*, a poem intitled *De Laudibus Sodomiæ*, as *Bale* and *Jewel* expressly affirm*: —of

extremely bright, certainly far removed from stupidity) being so astonishingly light, giddy, and changeable, in every matter nearly or remotely connected with *religion* or *politics*, that no one, not even themselves, can answer for their adhering to any sentiment during three or four months together.

* See these very elevated expressions in *the Pope's Cabinet Unlocked*.

* Jewel does not, it is true, name the poem, (which indeed, as the learned of all parties are now convinced never existed) but to it and not to the *Capitolo del Forno*, written by Casa while yet a layman and very young, the said Jewel clearly alludes in the sixty-ninth page of his Apology, where, after having long figured away about Pope Joan, and other matters equally authentic, he says: [Quis non audivit] "quod Joannes Casa, archiepiscopus Beneventanus, legatus pontificis apud Venetos, scripserit de *horrendo scelere*; et quod ne fando quidem audiri debeat, id verbis spurcissimis et scelerata

—of the Iriſh papiſts having in the year 1641, cut the throats of an *hundred thouſand proteſtants*;

ſcelerata eloquentia commendarit."—And ſoon after—"Joannes Caſa, archiepiſcopus Beneventanus, adhuc vivit. Immo etiam Romæ, et in ſanctiſſimi oculis et conſpectu vivit."

But Bale ſuppoſes the fact to be as true as Goſpel. He ſpeaks without heſitation of it, in different parts of his work. Nay, with an audacity ſcarce to be paralleled, but in ſome apoſtate friar like himſelf, he repeats the title and ſubſtance of the pretended poem; the place where it was printed; the printer's name, &c. as circumſtantially and confidently, as if there had really been ſuch a book, and that he had read every word of it. This fine foundation affords him an opportunity, (which he takes care not to let ſlip) of declaiming againſt the faith he abandoned, in the demoniacal manner common to all apoſtates eſpecially towards the beginning of their defection.—Hear his own *good-natured* words. After having in page 449, affirmed expreſsly, but *erpaſſant*, that Caſa, a moſt wicked villain,—"Sceleſtiſſimus nebulo," wrote a poem, in Italian verſe,—"de *Sodomiæ laudibus*," he ſpeaks of the matter thus at large, Cent. 8. p. 682.—"ſub hoc" (Julio tertio) "floruit, atque ex illius latere ſancto prodiit ejuſdem generis legatus *Apoſtaticus*, nempe *Joannes a Caſa*, Florentinus, archiepiſcopus Beneventanus, Cameræ Apoſtolicæ decanus, et in toto Venetorum dominio nuntius ſummus cum plenitudine poteſtatis, qui et brevi futurus erat cardinalis. Magnificus ille papiſtici cælibatus profeſſor, mitratus, raſus, et unctus, atque inſignis catholicæ Romanæ eccleſiæ columna, rythmis

teſtants :—of the Engliſh catholics having ſet fire to the city of London ;—murdered juſtices of peace :—poiſoned Charles the Second ;—plotted the warming-pan deception ;—or, in fine, of the veracity of the numerous charges alledged againſt them, by the conſcientious *Titus Oates?*—Was ever ſuch impudence

Italicis, poema ſcripſit : in quo opere, *Sodomiæ*, PAPISTARUM DIANÆ laudes celebravit: illamque appellavit *Divinum opus*, atque affirmavit ſe ea plurimum delectari ; imo aliam venerem non cognoſcere. Proh Pudor ! Opus eſt Venetiis impreſſum apud Trojanum Navum. At hi non ſunt egregii archiepiſcopi ? His judicibus utuntur PAPA ET DIABOLUS in ſuis conſiſtoriis. Nam hic poteſtatem habebat Chriſtianos doctores pro hæreticis damnare. Vidi ego catalogum quem fecit in ſua legatione : in quo non alios connumerat quam qui puritatem evangelicæ doctrinæ profitebantur." &c. &c. "Hujus *Babylonici carnificis* tyrannidem metuens *Franciſcus Spiera*, homo forenſis et cauſidicus, Chriſti veritatem abnegavit, et in ſummæ deſperatione deceſſit : ejuſdem *carnificinam* vix *Petrus Paulus Vergerius*, Juſtinopolitanus epiſcopus, vir multæ eruditionis, evaſit. Utramque hiſtoriam *Sleidanus* habet, qui et *Cynædici ejus libelli* mentionem facit."

known

known as their daring to reply on any occasion,—or even to represent, as you do, their —"idolatry," in a favourable and pious, though intolerating light.

CHAP X.

A curſory account of the prophecies *of proteſtants, in England and elſewhere, foretelling the ſudden overthrow of popery, with a friendly caution to thoſe ſectaries, to obſerve a little more* circumſpection, *in their prophetic effuſions to that purpoſe, than they practiſed from* Martin Luther's *time, to the preſent century.*

IN the middle of the ſixteenth century, we uſed to obſerve moſt *ſagaciouſly*, that the world was then arrived at ſuch a degree of information, that popery muſt infallibly—"*tumble in a few years.*" We continued delivering the ſame prophecy all that century, with this difference, that every man, for reaſons beſt known to himſelf, always took care to compliment the particular time wherein *he himſelf* flouriſhed with this high degree of exalted

alted knowledge, which left no further room for mental improvement. But, lo! when the seventeenth century arrived, the protestants, who lived at that period, found out that it was only *then* men were possessed of that maturity of knowledge, which was to cause the —"*downfall of popery**." Towards the close of the same century, our Ancestors, upon mature deliberation, adjudged the pre-eminence in learning, discernment, light, and what not, to *their own dear days*. Popery indeed, they were obliged to confess, was alive and merry, but it could not, according to them, possibly continue so long. At length even the morning of the eighteenth century dawns upon the earth, and though we cannot, *in justice to ourselves*, avoid protesting we are wiser than men were in the last or any former age, yet, with regard to popery, we are ashamed to venture at any more *prophecies* concerning its speedy overthrow, having long had the mortification

* See a book published last century with the above title, by *Bell*.

to ſee, that if ſaid popery be declining, it is declining forwards; and Proteſtantiſm, if advancing, is advancing backwards.

On which account, incomparably wiſe as we no doubt are in our generation, I would recommend it to all proteſtants, who are not ambitious of becoming objects of mockery to the lateſt poſterity, to lay down at laſt the *prophetic horns*, with which they have been conſtantly, for theſe two Centuries and a half, predicting the—"entire deſtruction of Babylon." If, however, they cannot readily part with a practice introduced by bold *Martin* himſelf,—let them at leaſt *put off* the "ſwallowing up of Rome,—the drowning the red whore," and other ſuch great events, to a *long day*. The principal folly of our anceſtors was, in predicting the above matters were certainly to come to paſs, in two,—ten,—twenty, or, at fartheſt, in fifty years from the time

time each delivered the *prophecy*. Having thus confined themſelves to a *too narrow ſpace of time*, they themſelves, or ſucceeding Proteſtants, were obliged to *renew* ſuch *prophecies* very often in a Century. To avoid then this inconvenience for the future, we had better humanely conſent to *put off* the ruin of the Church of Rome for ſome hundred years at a time.—Let us poſtpone her cataſtrophe to a certain round number of weeks of years, after the example of *Tommy Newton* already mentioned. And ſhould—" the ſtrumpet" continue, even when the period appointed by us for her deſtruction is elapſed, to be getting drunk every night with the Emperor of Germany, the Kings of Poland, France, Spain, Portugal, Sardinia and Naples, with ſeven out of the nine Electors; with Archdukes, Doges, Princes, &c. &c. why our deſcendants need only *defer* her fate for four or five hundred years longer. This ſurely is more eligible,

than

than giving the bawd room to laugh at us over her cups, when she catches us—*cobbling our prophetic work every twenty years as heretofore.*'

CHAP.

CHAP XI.

The performances of Proteſtants, eſpecially of Engliſh ones, when written againſt the Roman Catholic faith,—never productive of any extenſive or permanent reputation to their authors;—the French hereſiarch Calvin's *methodical and very ſubtil Inſtitutes alone excepted.*

'HOPE not, "Mr. Thomas O Brien Mac Mahon," to provoke any one to honor what you ſhall ſay with an anſwer: for you are "frantic *," and below contempt. Beſides, ſo many of our Clergy, who undertook replying to *Phillips*, having rather expoſed themſelves than refuted his work, it is ſince judged a more prudent meaſure, to affect to ſneer at all books written by your party, than to at-

* See a letter printed in the London Review for April 1775.

tempt

tempt confuting them. For it has somehow happened, that most of our celebrated answers to *Cochlæus, Eckius, Pighius, Fisher, Hosius, Canisius, Castrensis, Becanus, Costerus, Clychtoveus, Osorius, Bozius, Campion, Cressy, Stapleton, Saunders, Bellarmin, Florimondus, Tanner, Du Perron, Cotton, Briflow, Richelieu, Parsons, Kellison, Fitzsimons, Champney, Harding, Manning Bossuet*, &c. are fallen into vast obscurity, while several of the aforesaid Popish writers are nearly as much read as ever. This to be sure is a good deal extraordinary, and extremely mortifying.—Into what lamentable neglect, for instance, are the following choice and *good natured* English books, not to mention many others of the same stamp, fallen! viz.

Number 1.

"A dialogue between the POPE and the DEVIL, attended by a Cardinal and a buffoon." London 1681.

Number

Number. 2.

" *Pope Joan* ;—or PROOFS that a Woman of that name was Pope of Rome." Ibid. 1710. Quarto.

Number 3.

" *Modeſt* enquiry whether Saint Peter *ever* was at Rome." Ibid. 1687.

Number 4.

" *Steele's* Romiſh Eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, with the prices of *Pardons* for all manner of ſins." Ibid. 1714.

Number 5.

" The CURSE of Popery and Popiſh Princes." 1716.

Number

Number 6.

"Foxes and fire-brands"—two editions; the laſt publiſhed this very century.

Number 7.

"PROOFS that the Britons and Saxons were *not* converted to Popery." Ib. 1748.

Number 8.

"*Original* depoſitions concerning the birth of the Pretender."

Number 9.

'Martin *Marprelate's* epiſtle to the terrible prieſts of the *confocation* houſe, doctors of *Dyvillity*, &c. that have learned their Catheciſms, and are paſt grace—printed over ſea in Europe, within two furlongs of a *bouncing prieſt* *."

Number

* This book, the name of whoſe author I have not learned, though profeſſedly written by ſome *good-natured* Engliſh Preſbyterian, againſt what people call the Church

Number. 10.

"History of the Pope's Nephews, alias *Sons*." Lond. 1669.

Number 11.

"IDOLATRY of Rome" by *Pressick*. Ib. 1663.

Church of England, is every where replete with the most frantic and scullion-like railling at the Catholic faith, and its pastors. The tracts entitled,

"Prelatic preachers none of Christ's teachers," printed at London in 1665;—

"Common prayerbook Devotions episcopal delusions," published in 1666;

"Room for the Cobler of Gloster and his wife, with several cartloads of *pitiful stinking priests*,"—1687;

"— The first century of *scandalous malignant priests*;"

"The prerogative priest's passing bell, or amen to the rigid clergy," printed during the common-wealth by the same faction, are also inconceivably outrageous and scurrilous against the Church, which the fathers, or certainly the grand-fathers, of their authors had apostatised from.

Number 12.

"Myſtery of INIQUITY unvealed," &c. &c. by *Gilbert Burnet*.

Number 13.

"*Fiſcus Papalis*, or a Catalogue of Indulgences and Relics of the ſeven principal Churches of Rome." Ibid. 1617.

Number 14.

"The *cheats* of Romiſh exorciſts diſplayed in the Devils of Loudun." Ibid. 1703.

Number 15.

"Saul and Samuel at Endor, or the new ways of Salvation which uſually tempt men to Rome,"

Rome," by *Brevint* with his depth &c. of the Maſs.

Number. 16.

"Romiſh *horſeleech* by *Stavely*." Ibid. 1769.

Number 17.

"Rome a great *Cuſtom-houſe for Sin*."

Number 18.

"Ways and Methods of Rome's advancement," by *Stopford*. Ib. 1672.

Number 19.

"*Hunting* of the Romiſh WOLFE," by *Turner*.

Number 20.

" *Anatomy* of the Engliſh Nunnery at Liſbon."

Number 21.

" London flames revived; or an account of ſeveral informations PROVING the Papiſts the authors thereof." Ib. 1689. Quarto.

Number 22.

" FRAUDS of Romiſh Monks and Papiſts." Ib. 1691.

Number 23.

" Five love-letters between a *Nun* and a Cavalier." Ibid. 1693.

Number

Number 24.

" The Adamite, or the lovers of father Rock, and his intrigues with the Nuns." Ibid. 1683.

Number 25.

" The pageant of Popes, ſhewing the ſtrange *tragical* parts played by them." Ibid. 1575.

Number 26.

" A diſcovery and battery of the great fort of unwritten traditions." Ib. 1682. Quarto.

Number 27.

" *Humourous* conference between the Duke of Buckingham and father Fitzgerald on Tranſubſtantiation."

Number 28.

"*Work, more work, and a little more work for a Maſs prieſt.*" Ibid. 1610.

Number 29.

"Preſent for a Papiſt, or life and death of Pope JOAN." Ibid. 1675.

Number 30, 31, &c.

"The ANATOMY of the Maſs *."

"The GROANS of the Maſs."

"The FUNERAL of the Maſs."

"Maſs DEAD and BURIED without hopes of Reſurrection."

* This treatiſe is tranſlated from *Du Moulin*.

Number

Number 32,

" Hiſtory of the *Whores* and *Whoredoms* of the POPES and CARDINALS. Ibid. 1679.

Number 33.

" Rome's Rarities; or the Pope's Cabinet unlocked and expoſed to view. Being a *true* and *faithful* account of the BLASPHEMY, TREASON, MASSACRES, MURDERS, LECHERY, WHOREDOM, BUGGERY, SODOMY, DEBAUCHERY, pious frauds &c. of the Romiſh Church, from the Pope himſelf to the prieſt or inferior clergy." Ibid. 1684.

'King *James* the firſt's high ſtation could not ſave his controverſial works from oblivion. Even *Whitaker*, *Barlow*, *Fulke*, *Maſon*, *Bramhall*, *Cade*, *Sutcliff*, *Hammond*, old *Taylor*, *Coſin*, *Owen*, *Willet*, *Trap*, *Stillingfleet* with his *Jack Ruggeby* perſon of honour at his heels, *Chillingworth*, *Morton*, the two-fold apoſtate *John Gordon*,

don, Barrow, Johnſon of the laſt and beginning of the preſent century, *Poole, Jewell, Woodroffe, James, Felton, Gretton, Willis, Savage* (not the baſtard poet) author of Rome convicted, &c. *Long*, who wrote the hiſtory of *popiſh plots and conſpiracies, Sherlock, Steele*, the late Sermons at Salters-hall, *Secker's* five Sermons, *Synge's* Lilliputian Pamphlets, *White, Bennet, Lavington*, the deceaſed *Gibſon* on the *miſchiefs* of popery, the late *honeſt, true* and *venerable Bower*,—none, I ſay, of thoſe anti-catholic works, acute and learned as ſeveral of them are acknowledged to be, are read by Proteſtants near as frequently as Papiſts conſult the writings of their beſt Champions and teachers. The Scottiſh apoſtle *John Knox* is of late oftener derided, or at leaſt apologized for, by his diſciples * than ſeriouſly ſtudied or directly commended by them. *Bucanan's* invectives againſt Friars &c. are rarely ſpoken of, though in point of poetical merit they are

* See the firſt volume of Mr. *Robertſon's* hiſtory of Scotland.

little

little, if at all, inferior to any of his other poems, except, perhaps, the paraphraſe on the Pſalms. People begin to forget *Owen*, together with his Anti-monaſtic epigrams, few ſuperiors as he has among the moderns in that ſpecies of poetry. Even the dull doggrel poet *Ward's* performance, though written in the vulgar tongue, the only one he had any tolerable knowledge of, is, in ſpite of its ſtupidity, more read by our adverſaries than moſt of the ſmart and well-written proteſtant performances juſt mentioned are by us.

'When any of us compoſes ever ſo learned and ingenious a work againſt the—"profanations of the Church of Rome," we are, generally ſpeaking, left in the *ſole enjoyment* of it ourſelves. But if any thing tolerable is printed at Douay or elſewhere by a Romaniſt, relative to his faith or moral duties, it ſeldom fails being tranſlated into foreign tounges, perhaps into Latin; and, what is yet more vexatious,—though people affect to laugh at it, upon its

firſt appearance, on account of its deficiency in faſhionable language, it continues to be read longer than the beſt plays, poems, novels, or other terſely written books of mere entertainment. Two books were publiſhed in Ireland by *Andrew Maher*, a reformed popiſh prieſt, who had been a Graduate of Sorbonne, and no proteſtant, either here or in that kingdom, enquires about them, though the author, after the hugonot *du Choul*, the anonymous Engliſh writer of "*a popiſh pagan*," *Samuel Johnſon*, who wrote towards the end of the laſt century, and the late *Middleton*, endeavours to prove, Papiſts borrow their ceromonies, even the Maſs, from the Heathens; and what is more, that Numa Pompilius celebrated *Maſs*, as did other Pagan prieſts, ſeveral hundred years before the coming of Chriſt our Saviour. Had you not proceeded ſome way in a ſketch towards a full anſwer to theſe diſſertations, when you began to reflect, the labor you might expend, in a proper reply to performances of ſo unconnected and multifarious a nature, would be intirely thrown away, as nobody

nobody knew any thing of them, except ſome illiterate Iriſh ſubſcribers, who by repeated ſolicitations, for the ſpace of three years, had been at laſt prevailed on to enable their author to publiſh them? If a—"biggotted papiſt," even now, when thoſe of that church acknowledged it long ſince become aged and luke-warm, wrote a "couple" of volumes, diſcovering ſuch a tolerable ſhare of reading, they would, let the argumentative part be ever ſo poor or thread-bare, have made their way before now, as far as Rome:—and yet Maher's books have not to this moment been heard of in this Proteſtant country, which ſpeaks the ſame language with, and is ſituated ſo near to, the iſland where they were written. From all this it is clear, you love your "groſs and abominable ſuperſtitions" more than we do the truth: and that the only point of proteſtantiſm, concerning which we ever manifeſted any great zeal, to wit, the *not being papiſts*, we are of late grown extremely indifferent about. Still this laſt circumſtance, ſo far

far from furniſhing even a preſumption of the orthodoxy of a belief, which appears ſo *very dear* to thoſe who profeſs it, affords, on the contrary, a mathematical demonſtration of your being all a pack of—" cunning yet ſilly, —over-righteous yet wicked,—atheiſtical yet ſuperſtitious,—wily yet ſtupid,—traitors and ſons of whores."

'But to reſume the ſubject of my lamentation.—Ingenious treatiſes againſt the—"corruptions,—tyranny,—profanations" &c. of the Church of Rome are ſometimes much ſought for, at leaſt here at home, on their publication, but in ſome years after they are almoſt entirely forgot. Thus, though one of the late learned diſſenter *Samuel Chandler's* politico-controverſial pamphlets againſt your—"*pretended Stuart* and his ſuperſtition" was ſo well received as to run, in a very little time, through *ten editions*, it is now, although only forty years have elapſed ſince its firſt appearance, read by—nobody. Even Church hiſtories of

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our party, wherever publiſhed, are not the thouſandth part as much noticed as yours. Scarce any one now reads the *Magdeburgh Centuriators*, *Pleſſis Mornay*, *Papirius Maſſonus*, *Bibliander*, *Beza*, *Vigner*, *Fuller*, *Heylin*, *Baxter*, *Collier*, *Jortin*, or even *Burnet*, unleſs this laſt perhaps, in order to mock him for his falſehoods, vanity, and very indifferent ſtyle. The late *Moſheim*, notwithſtanding his moderation, will ſoon fall into the ſame neglect in his own country, into which your ſmart and well-informed Countryman his Annotator and Tranſlator is already ſinking in this. Our ſhameleſs liar *Fox* indeed maintains his ground tolerably, as do *Cave* and *Echard*. *Hooker* alſo is yet by no means without readers.—*Weſt's* book is certainly ſought for, and applauded, in many nations; but he may attribute this union of people of different tongues in its approbation, rather to his having cunningly avoided any cenſuring expreſſions on the Church of Rome than to the powerful teſtimony he bore therein to Jeſus's glorious reſur-

 rection.

rection. But upon the whole, the readers of Eccleſiaſtical or religious books of any ſort, written by perſons of our communion, do not (if we except ſome of *Nelſon* and *Stanhope's* treatiſes, one or two of *Sherlock's*, one of the Frenchman *Derelincourt's*, one of *Hammond's*, and two or three ſmall tracts more of the ſame kind, *none of which attack the Roman Church*) bear the proportion of ſix to an hundred, to the multitudes who daily peruſe *Saunders*, *Baronius's* Martyrology and Annals*, together with the Catholic Continuators of

* Baronius's Annals, notwithſtanding ſeveral Chronological and other miſtakes, and though in twelve large volumes Folio, have been reprinted an aſtoniſhing number of times, becauſe their author always took care, whenever faith or morals were concerned, to bring forth good things from the good treaſure of his heart. And it is to be obſerved, that neither the weak attacks of *Montague*, *Ottius*, *Blondel*, *Kortholt*, *Magendie*, &c. nor the more vigorous, though more decent and reſpectful, animadverſions of *Iſaac Caſaubon* and the learned father *Pagi*, have in the leaſt ſhaken that hiſtorian's reputation, ſo powerfully are his laborious and uſeful productions recommended by the orthodoxy, ſincerity, and unction, which they breath in every page.

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the latter work, your *Tillemont*; *Godeau*, *Fleury*, your Monkish imitation of Christ, the devout publications of your lately—"dubbed" Saints *Francis of Geneva* and *Charles of Milan*, the—"wild dreams of your *Bridgets*, your *Matildas* and your *Teresas*,"—the late voluminous, though not yet completed lives of your saints in general, besides those of the *Benedictine*, *Franciscan*, *Dominican*, *Jesuitic*, or of saints of other orders, in particular.

"God has even permitted,—you will say, *positively* ordained,—that the life of John Kettle, or John Por, or *Joannes Cacabus*, written by that notable model of Ciceronian Latinity of your church, the author of the Imitation of Christ, or of the Christian Patern, as we chuse to phrase it, should be read by, or known to, more men, than are the particulars relative to any English protestant whatever, except those who were kings, however learned and ingenious such persons may have been, and however well calculated the stile, in which

many of their lives are written, is to allure readers to intereſt themſelves in what concerned them. *Uſher*, than whom there were not in his time four more learned men in the world, is dead only a century and a quarter; and, though ſuch of his works, as are not written againſt the "Romiſh ſuperſtition," are much read, yet ſcarce any one knows or deſires to know more about him, than that he enjoyed the title and revenues of the archiepiſcopal ſee of Armach. This is the caſe of *Prideaux*, *Moyle*, *Tillotſon*, *Locke*, and other proteſtant writers, not dead, as long as *Uſher*, *Spencer*, *Saville*, and *Selden*. How differently does it happen to perſons celebrated for learning or piety among the papiſts! The ſurvivors of their communion enquire into every circumſtance of their lives. Nothing concerning them, however minute, but is thought worthy of being examined, remembered, and related. In what a variety of languages have they told every incident of, for inſtance, *Fiſher*, *Moore*, *Bellarmin*, *Baronius*, *Borromeus*, *De Sales*,

Sales, Peter of Alcantara, and mother *Teresa's* lives! The being made acquainted, in a few lines, with the country, stations, writings, time of birth and death, of their famous men, will not content them. They eagerly search for an account of all the occurrences that happened to them; of their practices, sayings, and the outward form of their bodies. They must know how Moore acted on being deprived of his books, and the substance of his conference with his wife. No sooner have they learnt these facts, than they publish them in their tracts of devotion, and even venture, though the man be neither canonized nor beatified, to mention them in their sermons, with very high encomiums. They must be informed of the particular words Fisher met with in a volume of the Bible, when, a little before his execution, he looked into that book, for the last time. In fifty of their treatises, one finds recorded what Bellarmin said and did the day of his death;—how he was affected on being unexpectedly honour-

ed, during his illneſs, by a viſit from the—"Grand Lama;"—in what ſpirit Baronius, his cotemporary and fellow-labourer in the papal vineyard, received the purple veſture;—the manner in which Borromeus uſed to travel, when viſiting his dioceſe, or marching forth to adore the—"ſweat of bleſſed handkerchiefs;"—what food he commonly ſubſiſted upon;—when that nouriſhment was taken;—the company preſent;—the converſation or lectures heard at ſuch ſeaſons.—In ſhort, though catholics inſiſt, that the *principal* aim of the actions and publications of the illuſtrious among them was not human applauſe, ſtill they uſe all ſubtil methods, not to mention the infallibly-ſucceſsful one of Canonization, to make their memories known and praiſed, in almoſt all the inhabited and diſcovered parts of the globe, except the Iſles of Japan, and the towns of Mecca and Medina in Arabia.

But

'But we proteſtants, though we ſhould all of us poſſeſs the enterprizing ardor of Alexander and Pyrrhus, Jehu and Sylla's deciſive and unrelenting fellneſs, the conſumately-ſagacious, and almoſt prophetic, ſpirit of old Tiberius Cæſar, the argumentative abilities of *Calvin*, *Claude*, and *Locke*, the ready apprehenſion of your Proteus *Campanella*, the memory of *Magliabechi*, the erudition of *Joſeph. Scaliger* and *Salmaſius*,—muſt, it ſeems, expect to have the particulars of our lives, but little and *very coldly* inquired into, for the firſt century, after our demiſe. That period ended, our writings againſt popery, and eſpecially all circumſtances which diſtinguiſhed our lives, how remarkable ſoever they may have been, march together with moſt rapid ſtrides, to thorough oblivion.

Nor is it alone our attacks on popery which never arrive at any very extenſive or laſting reputation; a conſiderable portion of the ſame unlucky fatality attends all our other eccleſi-

aſtical

aſtical labors. Laſt century, when the ſtudy of the fathers was a good deal in vogue, among ſeveral of our ſtudious churchmen, many of them undertook to give editions of the juſt-mentioned ancient Chriſtian teachers. For this undertaking, they appeared extremely well calculated. They underſtood the learned languages thoroughly, and wrote in them, if not with as much eaſe, certainly with as much propriety, as other people. They had read deeply. They were for the moſt part tolerably judicious critics, and men of ſufficient genius. They were not deſtitute of good manuſcripts, in their own country; and they ſpared no expence, nor declined any fatigue, in travelling to purchaſe, or conſult others, in foreign ones. If Engliſh printers were not to be compared, in point of erudition, to thoſe of France, Italy, and Germany, yet their types were good, and the editors, by aſſiduouſly watching the preſs themſelves, found means to complete their works with fewer typographical blunders, than are found

in

in any foreign Greek or Latin publications ſubſequent to the days of the *Aldi*, *Stephenſes*, *Turnebus*, *Morelius*, *Benenatus*, &c. But mark the conſequence—Theſe editions had in a meaſure the inauſpicious fate, which I already ſaid purſues almoſt every literary production, ſet forth, on the ſubject of church affairs, by proteſtants in general, eſpecially by Engliſh ones. The publications in queſtion were, it is true, extremely well received in England, in the beginning; and, by a good fortune, which ſcarce ever accompanied our beſt ſermons, polemical works, pious treatiſes, and church hiſtories, they were alſo for a time ſent for, read, and much applauded in foreign parts, even in ſome very ſteadfaſt Roman Catholic kingdoms. This flattering approbation and ſucceſs was, however, of very ſhort duration.—"Wicked" Benedictine friars, and other—"Mumpſimus — jabbering Ignoramuſes," laboured at editions of the very fathers on which our people had beſtowed ſo much application and expence. Theſe publicati-

ons

ons soon totally eclipsed those of our divines, excepting only *Potter's* Clement of Alexandria, and one, or at most two, of our other editions; insomuch that not only in Romish states, but also in Holland, Geneva, and the protestant parts of Germany, when the best editions of the apostolic fathers and canons, of *Justin*, *Cyprian*, *Origen*, *Cyril of Jerusalem*, *Chrysostom*, &c. are enquired for, no one ever ventures to present those of our manufacture, but such as were completed by—"wretched monks and puppet-shew mass-priests *," who are so much the objects of our detestation.—Nay, what is more extraordinary and provoking, we ourselves are compelled to decree unanimously the preference to *Cotelier*, *Montfaucon*, *De la Rue*, *Menard*, *Maran*, *Massuet*, *Touttee*, over the editions, or notes on the fathers, published by *Usher*, *Beveridge*, *Grabe*, *Saville*, *Thirlby*, *Fell*, *Pearson*, *Milles*, &c.—nor are we for the future ever likely, *even to attempt* rivalling—"idolatrous papists," in undertakings of this sort.

The

* See Mrs. *Miller's* letters from Italy.

'The reaſon you will aſſign, for the many melancholy and ſtrange facts I have been thus long relating and bewailing is, — the propriety you will fancy there is, that David's houſe ſhould go on *continually proſpering*, while Saul's is *declining every day*:—but the cauſe I attribute it to, is the ſame I already mentioned, after ſeveral controverſial authors, to-wit,—that the popiſh Clergy, being ALL a ſet of—"Mountebank juggling cheats" and ſcoundrels, permit the laity to read only what they themſelves have written, or has at leaſt been found intirely conformable to their own —"ſuperſtitious notions."

CHAP.

CHAP XII.

Further lamentations on the certain decay, which awaits all proteſtant performances, profeſſedly attacking that hard-to-be-overturned eſtabliſhment, known in England by the name of—— "ſlaviſh and abſurd popery."

"TACITUS, *Suetonius, Lucian, Julian,* and a few other heathen authors, have groſsly abuſed this ever-in-the-end aſtoniſhingly-fortunate popery, yet their works are as much read, as any Romiſh ones whatever, except perhaps *Aquinas's* Sum, *Auguſtin's* Confeſſions, the Cathechiſm undertaken by order of the *Council of Trent*, the *Roman Breviary, Miſſal, Martyrology, Pontifical*, the *Imitation of Chriſt*, and the *Vulgate Bible*. But we, from an obſervation of what has hitherto invariably come

come to paſs, may aſſure ourſelves, that no literary performance of ours will live for any conſiderable time, were it every where replete with *Ariſtotle's* good ſenſe and ingenuity, *Calvin*, *Kemnitz*, and *Claude's* dexterity, *Nicole's* powers of argumentation and cunning vigilance, *Scioppius's* railing acrimony, *Machiavel's* perſpicuity and plauſibility, united to *Joſeph Scaliger*, *Uſher*, *Petavius*, and *Grotius's* erudition, if it contains *ſix* ſentences pointed againſt the catholic faith. O popery, through what charm, do you always triumph over your enemies! You had, it is true, ſeveral able men to oppoſe to our firſt reformers and their ſucceſſors; but by what means, in the name of wonder, did you lately overcome the Janſeniſts, and that at a time, when Ballarmin was no more.—Theſe ſectaries produced the formidable *abbot of Saint Cyran*, diſguiſed under the name of Petrus Aurelius, the celebrated *Arnaud*, beſides ſome other tolerably acute perſons of the lat-

ter's family. *Nicole* *, le *Maitre*, the witty and eloquent *Paſcal*, with ſeveral other ſtrenuous opponents, attacked you on their part, either ſecretly or openly, while you ſeemed deſtitute of men of equal ability to ſtand againſt them. What if *Bourdaloue*, one of the firſt of mortals, was numbered among your commanders, he appeared not until, after an obſtinate ſtruggle, you had become maſter of the field. Then, the race of the enemy's princes being all ſlain, he diſdained ſetting his flinty, adamant, lion-like, vehement and moſt tremendous face, to purſue the flying remains of their diſcomfitted hoſt. —But to deſcend from our heroics, and ſpeak plainly—Janſenius's ſect †, whoſe commence-

* It is with ſatisfaction, I can inform the reader, not much verſed in theſe matters, that this able man returned to the church in his laſt ſickneſs.

† The author did not mean, to convey by the above words, any expreſs cenſure on the biſhop of Ypres' perſon, who, as every one knows, had formally ſubmitted his heterodox book to the Holy See's judgment, and died before its errors were condemned.

ment

ment was ſo extremely brilliant, melted away all of a ſudden, to the aſtoniſhment of ſhrewd obſervers, while you continue on your rock, the ſame flouriſhing, or yet more proſperous, popery.

For our parts, we indeed ſtill ſubſiſt after ſome ſort of a manner, but are this long time not a little aſhamed of the indifferent figure we make. We are, through perpetual diſappointments, grown deſperate, dejected, and, what was a more difficult matter to accompliſh, we are of late become almoſt quite ſilent. Inſtead of taking a *furious fling* at popery every day of our lives, as formerly, we have now ſcarce ſpirits left to *peck* at it once a quarter. And though our teachers are obliged, in order to ſave appearances, to do thus much, yet they perform it in a very languid manner, compared to the inceſſant, and at leaſt verboſely-ſtrenuous efforts made a century and a half ago; and the people liſten to them with moſt mortifying coldneſs and

indifference.—Indeed, it is no wonder they ſhould, when they conſider the multitude of diſcouraging circumſtances that weekly happen, haſtening or protending our diſſolution. What would their ſentiments be, did they reflect, that all Martin Luther's raſh and ill-judged *prophecies*, about the ſudden overthrow of the popedom, have proved moſt contemptibly vain and falſe.—That the rulers of Saxony, Wurtemberg, the late prince of Heſſe-Caſſel, and other leſſer German potentates, who were firſt to embrace the reformation, have long ſince abandoned us—That in France, where we once nearly equalled catholics in power, influence, wealth, and number, we have dwindled away to nothing—That (to return to the capital of the elector of Saxony's dominions) Dreſden, where a century ago, one could with difficulty reckon ſix Romaniſts, now contains as many hundred —That in England, particularly in London, where *Jurieu* obſerves, the name of papiſt was, in his time, ſuppoſed to include ALL

CRIMES,

CRIMES, thoſe of that perſuaſion increaſe notoriouſly, in ſpite of all our laws, ribaldry, ſlanders, and perſecution, and notwithſtanding all the exertions of the *holy preacher*, and the proteſtant aſſociation, who puſhed forward as a puppit the infatuated Lord George Gordon, to head the moſt barbarous rabble that ever aſſembled in a nation conſidered civilized, in order to effect a general maſſacre of Papiſts.—That in the early proteſtant, and formerly ſteadfaſt, ſtates of Holland, Roman catholics are known to be more numerous, not only than the Calviniſts, but than all the other ſects, in the provinces and generalite lands, taken together, not excluding the Jews out of the computation. —— That in the Emperor's hereditary dominions, inſtead of confederating againſt popery, they are running in crowds to be reconciled to it—That, in fine, there is no country under the ſun, in which we ever had footing, not excepting America, and the unpeopled, impoveriſhed, territory-loſing kingdom of Sweden, where we are not yearly, monthly, and perhaps weekly, decreaſing

in number; while theſe forty years, we have encreaſed in no place, upon an average, no, not even in Geneva, Switzerland, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

Whether—"the Holy Ghoſt was brought from Rome to the *Council of Trent*, in a *Cloke-bag*," or not, I ſhall decline determining, in the dogmatical way, ſo univerſal in my country; but the daily declining ſtate of the proteſtant religion, of which I now gave a ſlight ſketch, evidences, that ſomething *very powerful* muſt have arrived there.—Caius Cæſar, by his *Quirites*, reduced a mutinous troop of ſoldiers to obedience; but the *Anathema fit* of one or two hundred mitred prieſts is always crowned with a ſucceſs infinitely more glorious, though ſeldom ſo ſudden: for that unclaſſical imprecation never failed, during ſeventeen hundred years, to bring ſooner or later, not the bodies of men only, but their underſtanding likewiſe, into a ſtate of the moſt perfect ſubmiſſion. How idle then was it for old Marcion to exclaim, in a paroxyſm of preſumption, that he would tear the Ro-

miſh

miſh church, and ſow in it the ſeeds of *eternal diviſion?* Fool!—Little did he underſtand the happy deſtiny, which was perpetually to watch over, and wait upon, that eſtabliſhment. Little did he foreſee, that in two hundred years, after he fondly promiſed his diſuniting endeavours, the *everlaſting ſucceſs* juſt mentioned, three thouſand of his followers could not be collected, though the entire terraqueous globe were traverſed in queſt of them. Since his time, the ſwords of Goths, Lombards, and others, have been brandiſhed over the heads of the popes.—— Rome has been repeatedly taken and ſacked;—pontiffs have been kicked, impriſoned, purſued with ſtones, and obliged to run away from the city;—they have been made priſoners, exiled, and put to death;—two or more perſons have pretended to be lawful ſucceſſors of Saint Peter, at one and the ſame time.—— Theſe ſchiſms produced much confuſion and ſcandal in the church, and one in particular ſeemed to menace it with utter ruin.—Yet

take

take a view of popery, in a few months or years, after each of theſe diſaſters happened, and you will ſee it—*as proſperous as ever*.

Inform me, whoever can pry into futurity, whether Popery is to be thus invincible in the other world; for what it can do in *this* we know by woeful experience. In our iſland alone we pelted it with twelve or fifteen hundred volumes, including ſermons and pamphlets. Double that number have been ſhot at it from Germany and the united Netherlands. Charenton, Geneva, and Switzerland have diſcharged arrows at it, if not in ſuch abundance, certainly with better ſkill than the Germans * or our countrymen; yet, aſtoniſh-

* There was no intention to include *Kemnitz* in the liſt of German proteſtant Controvertiſts, who, I ſaid, were inferior to thoſe of France in every ſpecies of literary ability, except erudition. I am ſenſible alſo, that the Engliſhman *James's Bellum Papale*, though a work of very little argument, is a cunninger performance than one would expect from a foggy northern head.

ing

ing to relate, ſo far from prevailing againſt it any where, we were, in the very midſt of our united attacks, loſing ground every where! —Popery, Popery, if you are an impoſition, you are a *ſtrange one*.—The art of man is not, it ſeems, able to convince the world you are ſuch. It is, in the mean time, ſome conſolation to us to reflect that, though we have not ſucceeded in overturning that ſyſtem of belief, we made a much better ſtand againſt it, and expoſed it to more danger, than the *Neſtorians*, *Eutychans*, *Pelagians*, *Monothelites*, *Iconoclaſts*, or, in ſhort, than any of its opponents, except the *Pagans* and the *Arians*.—Nay, if theſe laſt had the advantage of us, in having created a ſort of confuſion in the Roman church, which, at one time, rendered it no eaſy matter to diſtinguiſh its friends from its enemies, yet we ſurpaſſed them in numbers and duration.—But what avails all this?—The world was made for—"Emperor Peter,"—God has bleſſed his

ſtrength;

ſtrength; and his hand is to be always, ſooner or later, upon the necks of his adverſaries*.

The Lord ſays, hereſies muſt riſe up:—but really it appears worth no Gentleman's while to introduce any for the future, ſeeing nothing but diſappointment and diſgrace have attended the meaſure, eſpecially in latter days. Wherefore, if there be a *neceſſity* for ſcandals

* Mr. *Gibbon* reminds us, no doubt with reluctance and concern, of a remarkable inſtance of that ſuperiority over her enemies and perſecutors with which the Church is rewarded by the omnipotent and juſt Being, even in this life.—"Thoſe," he ſays, "who ſurvey with a curious eye the revolutions of mankind may obſerve, that the gardens and circus of Nero on the Vatican, which were polluted with the blood of the firſt Chriſtians, have been rendered ſtill more famous by the triumph and by the abuſe of the perſecuted religion. On the ſame ſpot a temple"—(he means a church)—"which *far ſurpaſſes* the ancient glories of the Capitol, has been ſince erected by the Chriſtian Pontiffs, who, deriving their claim of univerſal dominion from an humble fiſherman of Galilee, have *ſucceeded to the throne of the Cæſars, given laws to the barbarous conquerors of Rome, and extended their ſpiritual juriſdiction from the coaſt of the Baltic to the Shores of the Pacific Ocean.*" Chap. 16. p. 534. Quarto, London, 1775.

and

and hereſies, let the Lord himſelf introduce the next: for he will hardly find a man, who is inflamed with a becoming ſhare of love for fame, ſimple enough to plan any more of them, as they only contribute to the further glory of the popes and their adherents.—— Noble encouragement, truly, does the Lord give to hereſies, which he and Paul declare to be *neceſſary!* For inſtance, within the laſt hundred and fifty years, near three hundred heretical, falſe and ſcandalous propoſitions have been advanced by *Baius*, *Janſenius*, *Molinos*, *Fenelon*, *Arnaud*, author of the Opinion concerning the *two* heads of the church, *certain Caſuiſts*, *Queſnel*, &c.——and lo! no ſooner did different Popes condemn them, than they were ſcarce heard of more. Theſe authors and their ſentiments were not honored, by having a *decent ſhare of buſtle* made about them.—No bulls and briefs were poſted off here and there for the aſſembling a general council. No negociations entered into concerning the place in which it was to be held.

Sovereigns

Sovereigns were not hesitating, troops marching, bishops delaying, nor were ambassadors protesting about, and about, and about it.—The holy father made himself both judge and jury.—Any number of propositions he did not like put him to no more trouble than the repeating an equal number of times—*Hæreticam declaramus, et ut talem damnamus*; or, in other words——*Canaille va t'en au diable.*——Thus what would formerly have made him squeek out many "an *ora pro nobis*," with fear and trembling, is now become a *petit jeu* for him. He proceeds, without discomposing himself in the least:—marches with as little interruption, as *Guichardini* tells us Charles the Eighth of France met with in traversing all Italy with his army: moves, in each and every transaction, altogether—*a son aise, et sans se presser*:——and to say all in one word—in a few consultations held when, where, by, and with whom he pleases——he terminates every business.

What

'What chimney-ſweeper, who properly conſiders theſe matters, will hereafter proſtitute himſelf for the deviſing of any heterodoxy, unleſs the Lord ſwears upon his honor, he will not permit the popes to blow away his opinions with as much facility as they have done thoſe of ſo many ſubtle perſons, for this century and a half paſt? In the conteſts now alluded to, the Lord——be it ſaid without offence to him, or any other perſon of quality, ſhewed no ſort of—"*fair play*." For by the turn which he immediately ſuffered matters to take, he ſeems to have deſtined the late introducers of novelties to ſerve only as *worms*, which were to be inſtantly cruſhed to death by the—"papal ſlipper." When then the Lord wants any more—*neceſſary ſcandals*, I think he muſt encourage them better than he has done lately, or ſeek ſome other amuſement, and do without them.—Formerly, old Simon was able to—"work the jackets" of Peter and Paul themſelves—in their *propriis*

 perſonis,

perſonis, and make them "thump their breaſts upon their marrow-bones," while he was driving glorioufly over their heads in a chariot of fire: but now matters are diſpoſed quite otherwiſe: —— Alexander, or Innocent, or Urban, or Clement, or — John Trot were he Pope, has nothing more to do, but very compoſedly order a certain inſtrument to be drawn up; and cauſe it to be written, in an old faſhioned mutilated manner, with myſterious ſeals affixed to, and threads of a particular colour hanging from, it. Of this writing correct copies are next taken; one or two of which are poſted up in Rome, and others ſent to different places: and then the work is ended. You will hear of the opinions, condemned by the papal Mandates, little more than if no ſuch had been ever advanced. For, on receipt of the — "Babylonian ordinance," the blind ſlaves of Rome — "the *Devoti of Antichriſt*" * — every where ex-

* This ſtrange expreſſion is taken from page 4 line 14 of *T. G's* Hiſtoric-Idea of Janſeniſm printed in London in 1669.

claim,

claim, nearly in the words of Saint Auguſtin; —Apoſtolic letters are arrived, and the conteſted matter is therefore decided*. Thus can our — "infallible dotards" demoliſh, in three or four months, five, fifty, or an hundred and one hereſies, without either labor or danger.—This ſurely is "ſpoiling ſport." —This—with the uſual deference of Engliſhmen to the Lord's better judgment—is permitting the—"Pontifical Cerberuſes" to carry every thing rather—"too hollow."

These and many other vexatious matters of fact reflected on, it only remains that, ſeeing it is decreed, what they call hereſy ſhall never prevail againſt—"Emperor Peter," we pray the Lord to humble him every day more and more, previous to the coming of Antichriſt, by the miniſtry of the French king and other Sovereigns of HIS OWN communion, until the ſame God ſhall

* Finita eſt cauſa, utinam finiatur et error.

at laſt lay the ſaid pope's power completely in the duſt, by means of the illuſtrious Jew juſt mentioned, the only one by whom we have now any hope left of ſeeing our cauſe thoroughly revenged on his hated ſee.—Make haſte then, Antichriſt, ſince it is you only who are deſtined to put a REAL period to the public celebration of the Maſs.—I call it a *real* period, becauſe our —" groans of the Maſs —funeral of the Maſs —burial of the Maſs," &c. were all baſe vapourings, followed by no effects, but ſuch as turned out to confuſion. For—O ſhame to tell! after all our boaſting, inſtead of—" burying the Maſs" every where—" without hopes of reſurrection," we were never able, for a SINGLE WEEK, even during the vigorous Commonwealth, to prevent its being *ſung* about *midday*, VERY LOUDLY, in FIVE or SIX different parts of our CAPITAL CITY. But for your part, I am ſure you will *ſay* leſs, becauſe I am certain you will *do* more. And indeed if you perform any thing, it muſt

ſurpaſs what we have done. We were never noted for a really ſtrenuous and deciſive proceeding, except during the Common-wealth. Then, it is true, noiſe, vapouring, and Rhodomontade were the armour of none but Cavaliers, when drinking ſtrong liquors. For it is an infallible obſervation, confirmed by the example of hundreds of Jews, Spartans, Romans, Spaniards, natives of North America, &c. that all great actions are atchieved in, if not by, ſilence, but never by what our mob call bullying threats.

If then, Antichriſt, a drop of Joſhua, Deborah, Aod, Jephtha, Saul, Judith, Judas Maccabæus, Eleazar the ſon of Saura, Razias, or of Sampſon the ornament of your tribe and of human nature's noble blood, flows through your veins, *prate* not, like Engliſhmen, and moſt of the other degenerate moderns, of what you will do, but — do it. Talk not of having *killed* the Maſs, when the *very next moment* a dozen fellows may, to your

unſpeakable diſgrace, convict you of having told *a moſt paltry lie*, by *bawling out* their *Gloria in excelſis*, under your noſe. Engage not, after the example of the frantic and ſelf-contradicting Luther, to *pull down* the Pope in two years, but pull him from his ſeat effectually, that is—ſilently. Once more I conjure you not to affirm with *Hill*, that you have mortally wounded and—"buried the Maſs," until you have *really* executed this and other arduous undertakings. I will own, it is not in every caſe diſgraceful to *ſpeak loud and big*, but I know of only one exception to the general rule, and that is the time of—*actual performance*.——Shout then, if you pleaſe, when the walls of Jericho are—*juſt falling*; but *never* before. Roar *only* when devouring your prey. Thunder not, until your lightening is *in fact* conſuming your enemies. Talk loudly—(though not verboſely even then)—when you are *actually* pulling down the pillars of an hoſtile Temple.—But if you are a *real* Gentleman, and not, like

Engliſh

Engliſh and Dutchmen, the offspring of traders, or other ſuch perſons, let your voice, until the time of performing a notable exploit, be low and ſlow; approaching, as nearly as poſſible, to utter ſilence; your eye fixed; your head and motion ſteady and ſolemn, not menacing or noiſy. In a word, accuſtom your Soul to ſubſiſt upon its *own* ſtrength in ſilence, without ſtooping to receive ſupport from clamorous words, boiſterous looks, loud laughter, ſtrong liquors, or even from animating muſic. With theſe diſpoſitions you may be a bad man, but cannot, humanly ſpeaking, be a mean one. Poſſeſſed of a mind thus vigorous and formed for conqueſt, if you attack popery, your ſucceſs will be very different from what ours has been. In fine, to inform you thoroughly of the decrees of fate relative to you, as Thetis did her ſon, you ſhall experience a defeat after all; for even the man-breaker Achilles was at laſt ſlain; but you, when you fall, will fall illuſtrious, and by no human hand. *Bellarmin*, *Du Perron*, *Nicole* and

Boſſuet

Boſſuet ſhall have no room to boaſt they baffled your endeavours, as they did ours. Your rapid career can be alone checked by an incorporeal ſpirit, and he too one of a very high rank. Having proved too ſtrong for men, the princely Arch-Angel Michael muſt march forward to encounter you. Then ſhall you indeed periſh: but it will be your glory to have periſhed not through puny human weapons, but by fire, the moſt noble of Elements.'

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

A good-natured Engliſhman's diſcourſe terminates in the perſonal invective with which it generally begins.

'IF candor can poſſibly form an ingredient in a jeſuit's compoſition, be ingenuous at leaſt once in your life, and declare ſincerely, whether it be not rather a ſpirit of oppoſition and love of paradoxical arguments, than thorough conviction, which induce you to run counter in every opinion, to what is held here as certain?

'With us, popery is a—" jumble of inconſiſtent abſurdities;" with you, the fountain of every good.

We

"We take it for granted, we are privileged to attack and abuſe all nations and religions in the world, while no people ſhould preſume to cenſure any of our proceedings*, or reply to

* *Milton* expoſtulates with *Salmaſius*, who had diſapproved the *godly and good-natured* proceeding of the Engliſh, in ſentencing their king to die on a public ſcaffold. He demands, "what foreigners have to do with "the conduct of his (Milton's) countrymen? What "hurt it does them, if the Engliſh put to death their "own enemies or *traitors*, be they commoners, lords, or "*kings*?"—Ah! have not the inhabitants of other countries much greater and more frequent cauſe to make the ſame remonſtrance to the *good natured Engliſh*? May they not in their turn ſay,— Worthy, conſcientious, and charitable gentlemen, continue, in God's name, or in the name of ſomebody elſe, whom you are better acquainted with, and who has more influence over you,—we ſay, continue to thwart, inſult, impriſon, dethrone, and ſlaughter your ſovereigns, we interfere not: but be you ſo moderate, on your parts, as to permit us to love and obey ours, without railing at, and calling us—"*vile ſlaves*, "*abject Cappadocians*, *aſſes*, *beaſts of burthen*," and other genteel names, with which your travellers and pamphleteers ſo generally adorn their ſhort-lived performances. —Be always boaſting of your conſtitution, as you call it, while you are perpetually diſſatisfied with, and are ſtill exclaiming for new *alterations* in it. But permit us, at the

to the aſperſions we caſt on them. You, on the contrary, madly pretend, that theſe we ſlander

the ſame time, to enjoy, unreviled by you, our mode of government, with tranquillity and ſilent approbation. Saumaiſe's meddling with the *king-killing* of your country will appear the more excuſeable, if we credit Milton, who ſays he received "one hundred "Jacobuſes" for ſo doing: whereas you Engliſh of all ranks have been, and even ſtill are, extremely ready to villify all the kingdoms of Europe, without expecting the leaſt reward for your abuſe, and through no apparent motive, unleſs to ſatisfy a natural tendency to foul language, and perhaps to keep yourſelves in the practice of *ſcolding* abroad, that, on your return home, the king and miniſtry may, to their coſt, find you the ſame *good-natured* Engliſhmen, you had been before your departure.—But get drunk, then hiſs, groan, and knock down ſuch of your countrymen as are attached to any of your princes:—break their windows, demoliſh their houſes, and fling ſtones at their perſons,—we give you leave.—We know you to be *good-natured* Engliſhmen, and are ſenſible you had ever a method of acting *peculiar* to yourſelves.—The moſt we ſay, on hearing of any uproar among you, is—*Oh! c'eſt tout naturel.—Ce ſont des Anglois.* All we deſire from you in return is, that you will be graciouſly pleaſed to excuſe us from following the many laudable examples you ſet us. Let not your indignation, kindled every month againſt your own rulers, conſume us, becauſe we do not think proper to riſe up againſt ours. You may deem it a commendable meaſure

ſlander have a natural right to vindicate themſelves.—What inſolence!

'The writers you call holy fathers, allowing many of them to have been well-meaning

meaſure to elect certain governors, through the influence of bribes, and *ſwear* next day you received no conſideration, directly or indirectly, for your votes. We are not in a ſituation, and, if we were, have no inclination, to imitate ſuch conduct. Yet our acting and *ſwearing* differently from you will not juſtify the venomous ſpume your authors emit upon us. When any of us viſit your country, we obſerve you in ſilence, and forbear caſting any reflections on your proceedings, ſtrange, reprehenſible, and impious as they may often appear to us.—The delight you take in beholding your fellow creatures and countrymen ſpilling each others blood, with their fiſts and ſwords, in your *bear-gardens*, and elſewhere, always excites our abhorrence,—though it ſeldom extorts from us a verbal, or written cenſure.—We perceive you cruelly mal-treating many harmleſs and uſeful animals; ſuch as *cocks*, which you ſometimes arm and train up to deſtroy one another for your ſport, and, at other times, faſten to ſtakes, where you enjoy the,—*to you*,—noble paſtime of killing them in great numbers with your own hands.—Such as *oxen*, which their drivers wantonly wound in the tendereſt parts of the body, that they may run furious about your moſt populous ſtreets, endangering the lives of many

meaning men, were, according to the now more prevailing opinion among us,—"*ignorant, silly, superstitious beings*," and, to design

many of the citizens, and actually goring some of them to death: such as *dogs*, which you stimulate by loud shouts to tear each other, or mangle *bulls* for your *good-natured* amusement.——These and such-like *civilized* entertainments common among you, we see and disapprove of, but very seldom declaim against. Had we presumed to express our dislike of them, you would be very ready to share with us some of the stones intended for your rulers. Disdain not to observe on your parts, a like reserve, with respect to our religion, government, laws, police, manners, and recreations. When you deign to travel through our territories, cease, we pray, DAMNING us to our faces, for being quiet;—for not being very opulent,—for not eating gross food, in large quantities, or drinking strong liquors immoderately, or even abundantly;—for not altering the succession of our princes, once, twice, and sometimes oftener in a century;—for not *naturalizing the Jews*; and for remaining steadfast in the religion of our ancestors.

What harm does it do you, if we prefer soup to rum punch, and immortal porter?—If we eat more bread and vegetables than flesh-meat?—If we chuse to say, *ora pro nobis*, in Latin, or *kyrie eleeson*, in Greek, rather than *God damn our souls*, in English?—If we think a courteous and polite address more eligible than a blunt

ſign them briefly, but to the life——"*a parcel of pious ideots.*"——Now, for the ſake of dear oppoſition, not content with frequently hinting at their uncommon underſtanding, you ſometimes proceed to ſuch ludicrous extremities, as to compliment them with the title of WISE.—Your reſpect for their—"incoherent conceits," is ſo extreme, that it deprives you of any little ſhare of reaſon you may appear poſſeſſed of, on other occaſions. For whenever you introduce their—"childiſh fancies," on any virtue or vice you treat of,

and unmannerly one?—If we hold it a proceeding unworthy, not only of Chriſtians but of men of the leaſt conſiſtency and honor, to alter our religious belief four or five times in leſs than thirty years, as your faithleſs commons and lords have done, in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, and his three ſucceſſors?—Should we even decline threatening, impriſoning, dethroning, or maſſacring our annointed monarchs, mercifully forgive us that treſpaſs—becauſe, however enormous you may think it, you are as little injured thereby, as Salmaſius, or any other foreigner, was by the condemnation and *public execution* of your ſovereign, Charles the Firſt.

you either dread to add any thing from yourself, or, should you venture to speak, your remarks are then sure not to be worth——"a button:" into so little a space, notwithstanding your boldness, do you shrink before them; and so completely does their presence confuse your mind, and dry up the sources of that observation, which generally flows from you in abundance—no matter now whether clearly or turbidly—on such subjects, as they had not handled.

'Fourthly, We hold almost unanimously your calander, and formally-canonized, hermits and friars, to have been—"*crack-brained enthusiasts*," to whom, if they were ever blessed with a moderate portion of common understanding, solitude, prodigious fasting, insomny, and other—"frantic macerations," left not a dram-weight thereof. But you, when talking of these—"*wrong-headed self-tormentors*," become, according to the popular phrase, as mad as a March-hare with admi-

ration. Oh they are good;—they are holy;—they are perfect;—they are divine men! Every "*abſurdity*" advanced by any naked fellow among them, who could perhaps neither read nor write, when ſitting ſqualid, naſty, and full of vernim, on his mat, in the wilderneſſes of Egypt, Syria, Paleſtine, or Cappadocia.—This, with you, is the eſſence of beautiful and ſublime morality, affording delight to kings. You devour it as greedily as if it were both law and goſpel. Your readers are given next to underſtand how keen, how diſcerning, how exquiſitely prudent it is:—how it tranſcends in penetration all that Thales, or the other wiſe men of Greece,—all that *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Cicero*, *Epictetus*, or even *Ariſtotle*, abſtracting from his ſyſtematic method, had ever ſaid. In fine, Arſenius's expreſſion is borrowed, to inſinuate, that perſons of the moſt profound erudition are unhappily utter ſtrangers to the firſt letters of the alphabet, of thoſe your wonderfully-ſagacious men. You expreſs vaſt concern,

cern, that the great (for ſo you call the root-gnawing blockhead)—Scocelinus's life ſhould be ſo little known. Wherefore, hoping your work may be inſtrumental in dragging it forth from its merited obſcurity, you relate it at full length, after having uſhered it in, with a wild and enthuſiaſtic preface, in order to render the public* as madly-enamoured of the contemptible and houſeleſs vagabond, as you are yourſelf. 'All

* It is doing the cluſters of people, meant by the word *public*, ſervice, to ſuppreſs the inſolent airs of ſuperiority they aſſume, in every country. But no where is the unſufferable preſumption of this monſter, the public ſo ſeverely felt, as in ſtates termed free. In England, for inſtance, where they are perpetually vapouring about freedom, of which, as of moſt other matters, they entertain very confuſed, and even contradictory, ideas, one dare ſcarce depart an inch from the general faſhion of dreſs, common form of ſpeech, &c. without that inconſiſtent and audacious thing called the public's uſing all efforts, and theſe often very cruel ones, to compel the perſon, who ventures to exerciſe the liberty in different matters he hears ſo much of, to conform intirely to the notions of an aſſuming multitude. Thus did they behave to the foreigners and

'All the ingenious men of our country display of late much eloquence, in celebrating human nature;—seldom troubling their heads to inquire, whether it was made virtuous

others, who, without meaning to offer them the least offence, wore bags to their hair, ruffles to their shirts, flesh-coloured stockings on their legs, carried umbrellas in their hands, before these modes of dress or convenience became common. How often have we seen Gentlemen railed at, or assaulted in the streets, only because they conversed in French? Ladies of distinction are harrassed by news-paper or theatrical petulance, and pursued with opprobrious language, often with mud, dirt, and other tyrannical insults, when they happen to dress their hair, or ornament it, in a particular manner, though they transgressed no law of the land by so doing: whereas in nations, here injuriously stiled slavish, people are permitted, without the least direct or indirect molestation, to act just as they please, in matters where Religion and Government are not interested. Englishmen talk much about the freedom of elections; yet they frequently abuse, and sometimes beat, even persons having no votes, if these do not, through fear of their usurping violence, declare themselves attached to the candidate who happens to be the popular favourite, and charitably wish *confusion* or *damnation*, to his opponent.

But never does the audacious barbarity of that trash, they call the English public, manifest itself more outrageously

tuous by God's grace, or had been such at all times, notwithstanding the protoplast's fall, through its own original and inherent force. This was enough to induce you to publish a large-

geously, than towards stage-players. These men they, without the smallest legal foundation, term their *servants*: and, indeed, they exercise a most despotic and oppressive authority over them! The poor people are often, as I am credibly informed, obliged to represent theatrical sports, such as prologues, epilogues, interludes, dances, &c. which they had not announced in their bills. If they hesitate a moment to comply with these arbitrary, and unjust requisitions, this good public threatens to pull down the stage-play house, and often begins the devestation accordingly. The players appear before this many-headed monster, like trembling caitiffs. They must come on—go off—repeat—be silent—just as their authority-usurping masters shall vociferously and capriciously prescribe. On every frivolous occasion, they are ordered to beg pardon *on their knees*, from people, who have neither by law nor reason, any jurisdiction whatever over them. Nay, their lives are in imminent danger from the cruelty and injustice of their fellow-citizens, who are nevertheless inconsistent enough to protest daily, that in their country, *obedience* is due only to the laws.

The insolence I speak of, is in a great measure owing to the poverty of spirit, with which it is generally submitted to, and even directly fomented. Though this public

large Janseniſtical diſſertation, proving, that man left to himſelf was a ſink full of every corruption, incapable of a thoroughly diſintereſted or good action, and ultimately ſeeking

ing

lic is compoſed of individuals, for whom a man very often declares, he entertains no great reſpect, conſidered *ſingly*, yet, when his imagination views them *collected*, he ſhrinks before them; as if they can poſſibly acquire a worth, by being *bundled up together*, which he knew them to be deſtitute of, while he looked at each *ſeparately*. From the ſervile and unworthy ſpirit now mentioned, proceed theſe abject and falſe compliments, authors are every moment offering up—on their knees, as *Boileau* terms it, at the beaſtly ſhrines of this idol; ſuch as—the *generous public*—the *humane public*—the *good-natured public*—the *enlightened public*—the *wiſe public*—and the like vile cant, to which the filthy monſter is now grown ſo accuſtomed, that it will not deign to taſte any thing, unleſs nauſeouſly daubed over, with groſs and rank adulation. But as it is not lawful to encreaſe knowingly the vanity and preſumption of any ſingle man we are addreſſing, neither is the augmenting theſe paſſions in a multitude juſtifiable, eſpecially, as, in this laſt caſe, they are more difficult to be extirpated; becauſe they conceal themſelves, in each perſon, under a pretended regard for the honor of his neighbour; and that, therefore, while each individual of this be-praiſed, be-honoured public really agitates himſelf only

to

ing glory or ſelf-applauſe, by every deliberate thought, word, and deed.

'Sixthly,——To come to leſs momentous differences:—Moſt of the ſtudious people in Europe,—at leaſt the Belles-lettres part of them, have, as if they had been long debating on the matter, aſſembled in general council, agreed to laugh and flout at the popular belief of *miracles, witch-craft, taliſmans, apparitions, demoniacal poſſeſſions*; and of whatever elſe cannot be readily explained by phyſical cauſes—A modeſt man would not chuſe to contradict ſuch jolly companions, and polite writers; ſo many eminent philologiſts, excellent mathematicians, experienced naturaliſts, and renowned *devil-killers*:—but Hibernia's ſons are, as *Churchill* well obſerved,

to come in for as much *perſonal conſideration* as he can, he fallaciouſly feigns himſelf actuated entirely by zeal for the glory of a heap of men, of which, however, he uſually takes care to let us know, *he is one.*

"— fam'd

" —— fam'd above all other grace,
" For matchleſs intrepidity of face."

You, therefore, not to degenerate from the reſt of your —— "adamant-fronted" countrymen, muſt (like an —— "unbluſhing ſon of ſweet Ireland herſelf," trained up to hardy feats, under the command of that —— "*Don Quixot Ignatius of Loyola*,") for want of reaſons, pour down on the heads of your opponents, in ſupport of the contrary opinion, ſhowers of quotations from Popes, Councils, Fathers, Doctors, Jews, Pagans, and a cart-load of the moſt barbarous names of obſcure authors, a delicate reader's ears were ever ſtunned with.

'Laſtly, becauſe literary information, notwithſtanding the facility with which, ſince the diſcovery of the art of printing, it may be attained to, is ſtill held in ſome reaſonable degree of eſtimation, you exhauſt the Vatican

and

and French king's library for citations, and, what is not very uſual with you——your own fantaſtic head for arguments, ſophiſtical ones indeed, to ſhew that the learned, eſpecially poets, critics, and the reſt of the Belles-lettres gentry, are, upon the whole, the moſt timid, mean, intereſted, venal, deceitful, vain, envious, profligate, and even injudicious, members of the community.'

Should the foregoing, and, if poſſible, ten times more perſonal abuſe be poured out againſt the author, by *candid* and *good-natured* Engliſhmen, he will make no reply, mindful of the ſcripture monition, which diſſuades us from—anſwering a fool according to his folly.

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FINIS.

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